

@oroni
issue 2, vol 54, march 2002



sonically animated...
scaling the rabbit proof fence
mugabe and zimbabwe
heroes in a halfshell: turtle power



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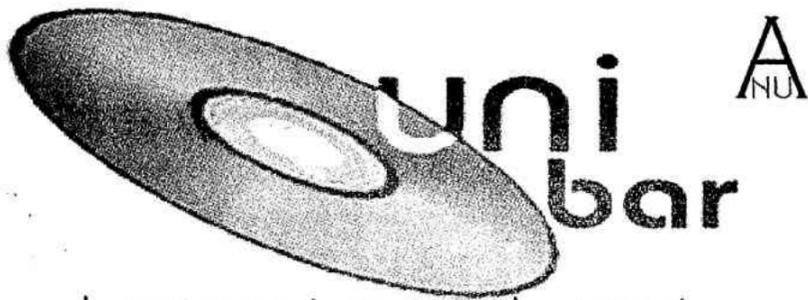
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EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 5PM
POOL COMP & JOKER POKER

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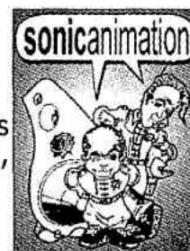
merryn spencer and **amber beavis** talk to australian film director **phillip noyce** about his brand spanking new film about the stolen generations.



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craig sinclair interviews one of australia's most popular techno duos, **sonicanimation**.



plus all the regulars you have come to know and love in everyone's favourite student newspaper

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apologies to: adele rummery who was falsely accused of writing the news article 'equity and diversity unit release new statement'.

woroni is the official newspaper for the ANU Students' Association, and can be contacted by phone on (02) 6248 7127, email woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au or drop by our office in the Student Services Building, near Chitley Library. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the editors or the Students' Association, but hate or fan mail is always gratefully received to fill the letters page. stay special.

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law soc comes out in support for patron

ali jenkins

The President of the ANU Law Students' Society, Charlie Beasley, has made it clear that Justice Michael Kirby, one of the society's patrons, still has the unwavering support of the Society, despite the rumours broadcast under parliamentary privilege by Senator Heffernan.

In response to the allegations Charlie stated, "The ANU Law Students, Society was most disturbed by the apparently baseless allegations made against Justice Kirby by Senator Heffernan. As one of Australia's most eminent jurists, Justice Kirby has always

been an inspiration to the students of the ANU Law School. He has always been an avid supporter of the society and it is our honour to have Justice Kirby as our patron. He has our full support."

(right) Justice Michael Kirby.



anu science on the cutting edge

ali jenkins



Professor Frank Fenner (top) and Dr Ted Maddess (above).

The Minister for Education, The Hon. Brendan Nelson opened the ANU's new Plant and Animal Research Facility at the Research School of Biological Sciences on Thursday 7 March, 2002. The facility, funded by six million dollars from the ANU's Capital Management Plan, caters for cutting edge plant culture facilities that have the ability to control many aspects of its environment and allow the growth of genetically modified plants under approved conditions. The facility is the first in Australia, housing strict plant containment standards set by the Gene Technology Regulator and the Australian Quarantine Service. There are two major components to the plant facility. One part caters for soil mixing, sterilisation, potting, washing and laboratory analysis. The second part is a

containment area housing growth cabinets and 20 walk in growth rooms that have been specially designed to suit the purpose. The new facility allows experiments that utilise genetically altered plants to be carried out safely in a controlled environment monitoring temperature, light, humidity and carbon dioxide levels. Special efforts have been made to ensure that genetically modified plant materials do not enter the sewage system and that strict security is maintained. In other news, two prominent ANU scientists were recognised for their excellent work at the 2002 Clunies Ross National Science and Technology Awards in Melbourne on Thursday 7 March. A Lifetime Contribution Award was presented to Professor Frank Fenner, who is widely

respected and decorated as a microbiologist and research administrator, particularly noted for his work on the eradication of small pox. Professor Fenner is known for confidence in his on research, reportedly having injected himself with the myxomatosis virus in the 1950s to prove that it was harmless to humans. The Clunies Ross National Science and Technology Award was presented to Dr Ted Maddess for his work on how eyes adapt to the visual world and his invention of a non-invasive process that detects glaucoma within its earliest stages, work which has served to reduce the time this blindness causing condition has to grow before treatment is sought. Professor Fenner is in distinguished company, with Sir Gustav Nossal, Dr Phillip Law and Professor Ralph Slatyer, also recognised by Clunies Ross Lifetime Contribution Awards.

easter weekend roadtrip with a conscience

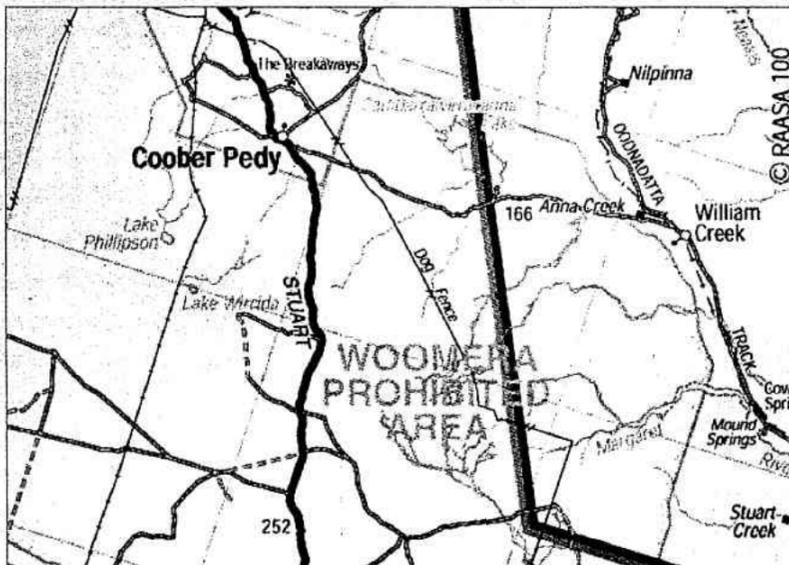
ali jenkins

The plight of refugees held in mandatory detention will be highlighted once more over the Easter weekend with a "nomad festival" planned to educate Australians about the conditions that refugees are kept in at the Woomera detention centre 500km north of Adelaide, SA. Everyone is invited to make their own way to Woomera to share in

a "kaleidoscope of cascading autonomous actions, media streams and screenings, workshops, discussions and happenings. People are encouraged to use a diversity of tactics to disrupt the present and create the future." The organisers of Woomera2002 have not advocated violent protests and the breaking of any laws, but they do

have a legal information section on their website which states participants "should make a decision about whether you want to engage in an arrestable action. There might be political advantages to doing so, and there could also be personal consequences. These include possible imprisonment, fines, damage to future employment prospects, or limitations on overseas travel. Plan and be prepared." The festival itself will be cover the whole range of roles that Woomera has taken over the years, but will focus on the particular role that it has today in housing refugees in mandatory detention as part of the Australian Government's Immigration Policy. A separate action had been planned by a group calling themselves "The Koala Convoy." This group took out an advertisement in *The Canberra Times* in late January calling on anyone with any sort of transport to travel to Woomera on

a date to be advised, armed with bolt-cutters and sunscreen to attempt to rescue refugees and look after them in their own homes. This action has since been incorporated into the Woomera2002 program. Protests are expected, but the focus of Woomera2002 appears to be to



share information and to meet with like-minded affinity groups in order to better lobby the government. Anyone with any interest in travelling to Woomera2002 should look up the website (www.woomera2002.com), and to see what's left of the Koala Convoy website check out (<http://www.effect.net.au/gmacafee/convoy/>).

lack of information on campus following sexual assault

ali jenkins

A sexual assault at the ANU was reported in *The Canberra Times* on Wednesday the 6th of March. The caption accompanying the photo showed police trawling the grounds of the ANU near Burgmann College, searching for clues to help with the investigation. This article, combined with verbal reports from Burgmann students who were in the vicinity when the victim of the alleged assault was found have created a cloud of rumours that has not been dispelled by any source following the report of the assault in *The Canberra Times*. No official statements have been produced to either aid ANU students in protecting themselves better around campus, or to absolve students living on campus of any blame. When contacted, the Acting Assistant to the Principal of Burgmann College provided a comment to Woroni which she later retracted. Nadia Docrat, the ANU Women's Officer, who is responsible for running campus safety campaigns amongst other things, was not informed by the university, and having found out through other sources on the morning of Tuesday 5 March had a meeting with the Principal of Burgmann College as well as various Unisafe representatives. Nadia was happy to tell Woroni that although she has little

information, what she did know was that the victim was not an ANU student, that she had been found near Burgmann College at 6am on Tuesday 5 March, and that the perpetrator was not a staff member or student of Burgmann College. The Women's officer also said, "It's really frustrating. Women are being attacked on campus and nothing is being done about it, and worse, there is a severe lack of information. How far will it have to go before somebody sits up and takes action?" Representatives of Unisafe who were contacted were unavailable for comment, and the police are making no statements either. During daylight hours, a police presence has been noticed



around campus which has further added to the rumours circulating about the seriousness of the sexual assault. Coupled with the lack of comment, Burgmann students have been feeling the heat of constant questioning over the reputation of the college. The Women's Collective will be running a campus safety campaign as a reaction to the assault

and the general need for better safety on campus with other various university groups. Anyone is free to join in by calling the Women's office on 61259868.

by gum, it's gum!

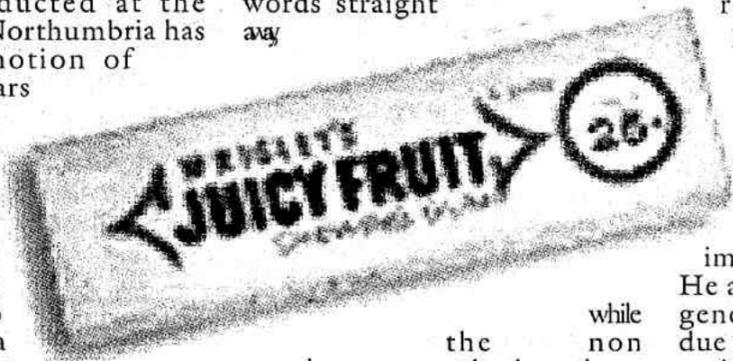
fruity mac scoopage

While some students find chewing gum an effective way to reduce the stench of invigilators' breath, new research has found that chewing gum may also help students perform better in exams.

A study conducted at the University of Northumbria has found that motion of chewing appears to improve both short and long-term memory. Chewing gum may be sufficient to boost a person's heart rate and increase the flow of oxygen to the brain, as well as stimulating the release of insulin in the body, which could increase the uptake of blood sugar by the brain.

The study involved 75 people undertaking various memory and attention tests. They were separated in to three groups: one-third chewed gum, one-third pretended to chew ("sham chewers"), while another third did not chew at

all. In one test, each group was given a list of fifteen words. They were asked to recall them immediately, and then again after 25 minutes. The chewers remembered an average of eight or nine words straight away



while the non-chewers and the sham chewers remembered only six or seven words. After 25 minutes, the chewers remembered an average of seven words, while the non-chewers and the sham chewers remembered an average of five words. It was found that the heart rate of the chewers were three beats per minute faster than the non-chewers, and 1.5 beats per minute faster than the "sham chewers". Overall, the gum chewers did 25-36 per cent better on the

tests. "The results were extremely clear, and specifically we found that chewing gum targeted memory," said Andrew Scholey of the university's Human Cognitive Neuroscience Unit. "People recalled more words and performed better in tests on working memory ... What we think is that the mild increase in heart rate may improve the delivery of oxygen and glucose to the brain, enough to improve cognitive function." He also said that chewing gum generated a surge of insulin due to the mouth watering in anticipation of a meal. "It is known that there are insulin receptors in areas of the brain which are important for learning and memory," he said. It was reported that the flavour of the gum is irrelevant.

Sources: "Just remember: chew gum" (www.smh.com.au/news/0203/16/national/national17.html) "Something to chew on: Study finds gum fuels Brain" (www.iht.com/articles/51309.htm)

in brief

care bears

Matsushita Electric Industrial runs a state-of-the-art retirement home near Osaka, Japan, and according to a BBC News report in February uses robotic companion bears to comfort the residents, who have an average age of 82) and also to continually check health signs. Among the fur-covered bears' skills: they can respond to voice command and can monitor residents' alertness by timing their responses to spoken questions.

don't tell the anu union

A Christmas report in St. Louis caused an uproar when it revealed that the city's 3500 euthanised dogs and cats a year are disposed of at a local rendering plant that sells some of its product (recycled fat and protein) to pet food manufacturers. The rendering plant subsequently stopped accepting dogs and cats (which it had been taking for free, as a public service), but the city's crisis continues, in that cremation and other alternate forms of disposal are very expensive.

just freaks

Mohammad Saboor, 56, was arrested in January as the well-dressed man who has spontaneously kissed at least nine female strangers on Toronto streets since November. Melvin G. Hanks, 54, was arrested in Belleville, Illinois, in February, accused of stealing 92 ponytails in 13 attempts from a salon that was collecting the hair to make wigs for children who had lost theirs because of disease. And Ronald Castle Sr., 54, was arrested in Syracuse, New York, in January, suspected as the man who has been masturbating into colleagues' coffee cups at the county Department of Social Services.

animals do funny shit

In Cincinnati, a half-ton cow jumped a 6-foot slaughterhouse fence and hid out so heroically for 12 days that when she was finally captured, the mayor said he'd present her with a key to the city. A 42-year-old Florida man was hospitalised after being stabbed in the stomach with a swordfish during a brawl outside his home. A University of Greenwich professor announced the discovery of the oldest fossilized vomit on record (of a four-flipped reptile from 160 million years ago). The professor said it may be an ancient ancestor of the Yak.

baked alaskans

Three Alaskans were charged recently with ill-thought-out thefts: Todd Shobe, 38, was arrested in Anchorage in January when his four wheel drive got stuck in the mud at a construction site after being weighed down with all the tools he was trying to drive away with. Roger D. Yost, 40, and William Isberg, 40, were arrested in March when they tried to get a 500-pound safe out the door of a Moose Lodge hall, seemingly forgetting that they had arrived at the Lodge only on bicycles.

not very tasty

nadia doocrat (anusa women's officer) and alastair lawrie (anusa sexuality officer)

Michael Flood's article "A Recipe for Good Sex" (published in issue one of *Woroni*) appears to have been a legitimate attempt to 'demystify' sex at university. However, in our opinion, it fell well short of these noble aspirations. In particular, the article conveyed a set of (largely negative) ideas about the roles of women and queers in sex, as well as confusing the issue of consent. While obviously not Michael Flood's intention, it does leave us with some urgent issues to "clear up", particularly for those who may be confused or naïve when it comes to sexual matters.

First, despite stating his objective to dispel "narrow definitions of sex", Flood falls into this trap himself. For example, "A Recipe for Good Sex" does not even raise the possibility of sexual activity involving more than two people. Indeed, for that matter, neither does it discuss what the once-fabulous, now-allegedly drug fucked Whitney would have called 'the greatest love of all'. Further, when Flood discusses two-person sex, there appears to be a preference for intercourse within loving monogamous relationships. Although he acknowledges the other end of the spectrum (ie one night stands), there doesn't appear to be all that much in between. As most of us know, sex is enjoyed by all manner of people, with a variety of others, can happen in many different contexts and doesn't always involve love.

A more serious omission is the lack of discussion of same-sex intercourse although, again, this was probably not deliberate. Nevertheless, the consistent use of he/she, as well as the failure to explicitly name lesbians, gay men, bisexuals and/or transgendered persons, simply reinforces the invisibility of queers on campus. Queers are here, they/we do have sex and they/we are also affected by the issues of consent (rape and sexual assault occurs frequently between and to men) and safe-sex. "A Recipe for Good Sex" should have at least acknowledged this.

Michael Flood's article also puts forward a particular view of women when it comes to sex. For example, the references to "he" and "she", especially in the context of him "doing stuff" to her, makes it seem like women are passive or inactive sexual partners. The truth is that many women enjoy sex and are active and willing participants. Alternatively, Flood does raise the important element of consent — but

doesn't nearly go far enough. When he writes that "*she is likely to feel used, abused or even raped*" (italics added)

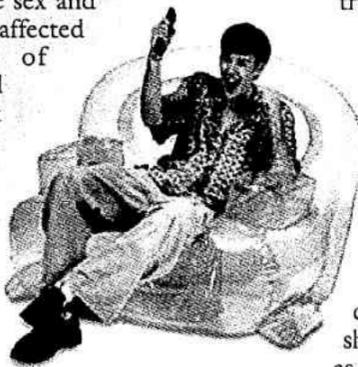
he seems to misunderstand the issue. If a "guy tries to pressure a girl into sex" without her explicit consent, and he "succeeds", then it is actually rape, irrespective of what the woman feels. In the ACT law, consent is also not demonstrated by inactivity — body language is not enough by itself. This is especially the case when any party is

under the influence of drugs, including alcohol: alcohol is the original date-rape drug. Overall, it is everyone's right to participate only to the extent that they feel comfortable. Flood also says that women "may be happy to kiss or grope but not to go all the way". The same goes for men and the fact he singled women out in this respect may be considered sexist. Flood goes on to say that "intercourse is great, but it's not the only way". That's fine, but to follow that up with "expanding one's sexual style has real benefits for men as well" makes it seem like the sexual purpose of women is to please men and unless they (men) have taken it upon themselves to find and give pleasure in other ways, women should be satisfied with intercourse. Men and women should be equal partners in everything, including sex.

Another criticism of "A Recipe for Good Sex" relates to its handling of STIs. We would like to remind people that nearly all forms of sexual activity carry some risk, of varying degrees, of passing on STIs. Activities such as oral sex and mutual masturbation may be 'low-risk' when it comes to transmitting HIV, but they

can still pass on other STIs if the proper precautions aren't taken. All participants should make liberal use of condoms, dams, gloves, and water-based lubricants to prevent pregnancy and/or infection (but keep in mind they're not 100 per cent effective). And people should get regular check-ups as well as talking to their GPs and sexual health clinics.

Finally, we would like to express our disappointment that the Sexual Health Promotion Coordinator at Family Planning, and a lecturer in Gender Studies, failed to address issues surrounding sex, free from the misconceptions of his readership. Still, we do share a common aim — to make people aware of their rights, responsibilities and options when entering into any sexual activity.



what the g-g did right

daniel robinson

In the uproar surrounding our Governor-General Dr. Hollingworth and his lack of judgement half a century ago, people have failed to recognise the unpopular yet potentially revolutionary effect of his method of dealing with a known child-sex offender.

Sex crimes are among the most disgusting and generally abhorred offences, yet they are also frighteningly common. They seem to be a crime for which no amount of gaol-time or ostracism can be a deterrent; a child molester will succumb to his (or her) urges no matter what the price. So the first thing we need to get straight is what our current approach to offenders is and is not achieving.

It's not achieving anything in the way of prevention. As penalties get harsher and community knowledge and condemnation get stronger, the incidence of sex crimes continues to rise. The perpetrators feel more and more strongly that the community is disgusted with them, and are more apt to abandon their moral connection with the community altogether. Once someone is expelled from a group, they stop caring what that group thinks about them and their behaviour. So it's time to stop fooling ourselves into thinking we're preventing anything by referring to sex offenders as "deviants" and throwing the book at them. The statement is true and the penalty justified, but the message being sent will not aid in prevention.

This does not mean we should stop reporting sex offenders to the police immediately and subjecting them to the full force of the law. It does not justify the G-G's lack of action in this respect, because in trying to deal with the situation quietly he failed to recognise the second and equally important purpose of prosecution, for which the current system works superbly: Protection. We must not forget who the victim is, and must not hesitate to secure their absolute protection in whatever way possible.

The situation can be summarised like this: The way our current society handles sex crimes protects the known victim but does nothing for potential victims. It can only deal with a situation that has already arisen, and can only protect after the damage has already been done. Dr. Hollingworth's approach all those years ago was inadequate yet it had a potential strength, because it aimed to protect potential victims while ignoring the obvious and pressing needs of the known victim.

How, then, should we handle this weighty and disturbing issue? How should Dr. Hollingworth have

handled it? There is one answer for both. We should use the law as a tool to prosecute offenders sufficiently to secure protection for their victim and make clear that their actions are morally reprehensible. But rather than leaving them to rot, we should follow Dr. Hollingworth's lead in speaking to, counselling, and learning from the offender.

The scariest thing about sex offenders is that they are ordinary people. They are parents, teachers, businesspeople, and religious and political leaders. Anyone is a potential sex offender, and the disservice that Dr. Hollingworth did to the victim in his situation is the disservice that our whole society does to every future victim of sex crime by failing to do our utmost to learn from what we have. To dive into the stinking recesses of these people's minds and know what they are thinking and why they do what they do. To recognise a potential sex offender and prevent them from acting on their slavish desires. And, in doing so, to bring them back into society. To make them recognise the impact of their horrendous actions and open the door for rehabilitation. Dr. Hollingworth, like many people within the church, fell far short of the expectations of society in sending a moral message because he was trying to practise something that the church has always excelled at above anyone else: Reconciliation. The church has



a job, begun by Jesus almost 2000 years ago, of associating with people that society wants nothing to do with — deviants, criminals, outcasts — and making them into something we never thought possible. Turning their lives around. Stepping in where society has given up. Attacking the problem not by skimming the visible surface, as we are so inclined to do (it's far easier and morally black-and-white), but by digging to the very tangled roots.

Whether or not Dr. Hollingworth should continue to serve as G-G remains to be seen. His current handling of the situation shows that, in the fifty years since the incident, he has still failed to learn the pressing urgency of protection for sex crime victims, particularly children. Yet that doesn't stop us from using this situation to address the flaws in our own handling of the issues, and recognise and applaud the church's recognition of the depravity shared by all humans and their willingness to get their hands dirty, and maybe even reach the core of the problem.

another urban service
phoenix

For those of you who are from a different planet, or who just didn't care to notice (in fact, you would have to have been on another planet not to have noticed), the 2000 Summer Olympic Games were held in Sydney, Australia. One bright spark who *did* notice the Olympics had an idea. Build a giant projector screen in one of Canberra's public spaces! The projector would lure people who couldn't get to the Olympics towards the National Capital, giving Canberra a chance to benefit from the tremendous amount of money the whole hyped-up ordeal was predicted to generate.

This vision, this utter "if you build it they will come" project, found its home in Garema Place. People could see the triumph of marketing and hot air that was the Games in larger than life wide screen glory. They could sit outside and eat dinner at a café while they watched. Bleachers would be constructed across the chess "slope" (as if a gentle slope would deter skateboarders...) so people could sit down to watch the big-screen box. And people could gather and watch the New Year rung in in Sydney. There would be many uses for the fantabulous, splendiferous Garema Place Projector Screen!

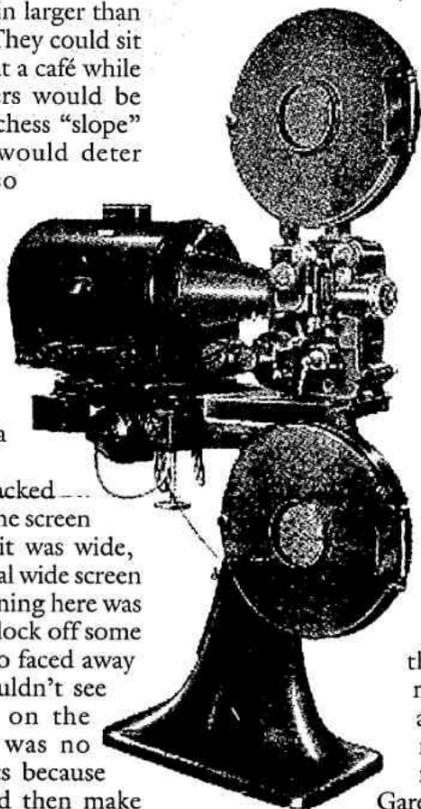
A brilliant idea, which lacked much in its execution. The screen ended up higher than it was wide, instead of a more practical wide screen construction. The reasoning here was that the screen would block off some of the cafés which it also faced away from, so the diners couldn't see what was happening on the screen anyway. That was no biggie for the Olympics because surely the diners would then make their way to the bleachers. Some did, only to find that there was standing room only — so they went home to watch the torch wobble and break down in relative comfort, if they watched at all.

The Olympics came, and went. The year 2001 was rung in, and out again. It's now past the 2002 Winter Olympics. There has been no big screen footage of Stephen Bradbury's Gold Medal fluke in the speed skating, or any other Olympic action. Let's review the last two years of the Projector Screen's history.

It has been rented out a few times to green-left socialists for protests, and while the protest at the World Economic Forum was impressive, these local protests didn't seem to garner much interest from anyone who wasn't already a green-left-socialist. Shame, that, because some of the music was great and they also made room for the fire twirlers.

Then came the advent of the big four wheel drive with the projection equipment trailer, another Urban Services initiative. Apparently the screen was to be used every Friday and Fire Twirlers Anonymous, who have been performing in Garema Place on Fridays for over ten years, suddenly

had to apply for a permit. The projectionists weren't overly fussed about FTA performing in front of the screen, but that was *The Way It Was*. The archival footage and old movies were admittedly worthwhile, but they were sparsely placed amongst Fridays of Channel V. "Channel V Friday" consists of fourteen to sixteen year old boys and girls with ... eclectic ... dress sense, dancing to 'popular' music and being judged by two people who would have been better placed as hosts on those Hal MacElroy/Southern Star Productions children's game shows. It's classified as a music video show, because a few are played, but they're hard to distinguish from the rest of the show because the whole thing is full of strange clothing, curious dancing and horrid music.



This was Urban Services' proof that the Big Screen was, in fact, a viable financial option. But the viability of an attraction that seems to drive away easily as many people as it attracts remains dubious.

Regardless, the Screen has many uses, just as Garema has many uses as a meeting place.

Garema would be a great, local, free venue for performers who haven't landed many gigs. It wouldn't pay a guaranteed amount, but you can busk. A busker can earn more than you would expect. The 'venues' around would also have a chance to view some undiscovered local talent.

How many high school Film Studies masterpieces were only seen by classmates and family members? Why not run a Schools Film Festival using the screen, with adequate seating for people passing by to sit and watch something that catches their interest? The Multicultural Festival Food and Dance Fair is a brilliant idea. It gives people a chance to try exotic foods, and discover how diverse entertainment can be. It's a pity it runs for only a short time, and is really the only well advertised and easily accessible event of its kind. Perhaps more events of this kind could be held in Garema.

It's fairly certain other people have had these ideas, or similar ones. There are lots of ways the screen and Garema could be put to use on a more regular basis. There's a lot of local talent around that even locals don't know about. Why not use it when we've got the tools? I'd be there.

show and tell
jamie lees

At the confusing age of twenty-two, almost nothing is certain. But I (having blown up my new Garfield doll in a throng of people and checked out some prize cattle) am certain of this: the Canberra Show is a gem of entertainment. In the slow annual calendar of our national capital the likelihood of winning something very big and very useless is drawcard enough to bring me back year after year. Didn't make it to the show yourself? Enjoy vicariously then as I present, in honour of this colourful spectacle: a retrospective examination of the Royal Canberra Show, 2002.



Highlight #1: The Canberra Times showbag stall. Situated directly behind the main entrance, this year's splendid \$2 showbag contained a world of marvels including a free pass to see the Raiders play Souths, and — I kid you not — a hardcover book about the history of Canberra. Convenient to brush up about Walter Burley Griffin and company before heading into the main arena.

Highlight #2: From hicksville to stunt-city, an automotive extravaganza the like of which you may not see until next year's Show. Never seen four identical Hyundais driving very fast, a hand-width apart? Never been eleven and wanted to drive like that yourself? You've never been to the Show. Never wished *you* were that sixteen-year-old kid leaping into the air on a trailbike, defying Newtonian mechanics to hear the crowd's dull roar? Come on now, sunshine — say it ain't so. Do you dare claim never to have longed to kick buckets of dust into a crowd, to thank your "dad and your bike" for making it all possible, to — goddamn — do a handstand on your handlebars suspended in mid-air? Truly, these are the heady dreams of Show-time.

Highlight #3: People have been burnt alive in ghost trains, and this added some degree of adventure to what were a pretty sedate bunch of rides. The dodgem cars could hardly have been called that. As soon as anyone stopped doing pathetic little circles the staff would stand over their car and take over the steering until they were driving straight again. What a cop out. The only person left to do his own thing was a little kid in the middle of a milkshake who was trying to get hold of the steering wheel and was going round and round and round in his own corner. Everyone else tried unsuccessfully to avoid him. There's not much room for a three-lane traffic

jam in a one-lane route.

The ghost train was thirty seconds long, and not particularly ghostly. Indeed the ride was reminiscent of a drive through a pitch-black airport luggage conveyor belt — albeit with the addition of several werewolf heads along with the very annoying belt curtains.

More terrifying was the "Music Trip". This is a large contraption shaped like a huge sling, designed to move back and forth so as to produce an effect similar to being throttled up and down in a huge washing machine. Having weak bowels and a fear of heights when looking down on flashing lights, I must admit to feeling a little terror. In fact I screamed at every dip. Other passengers were throwing out their legs and writhing delightedly in their seats.

Highlight #4: At the show you will find that there are only a few different types of games. And some can in fact be won! For example, if you want to win a stuffed cheetah all you have to do is get two balls into a bucket. The secret is to backspin — and practice. I will say no more.

Highlight #5: Ah, pavilions. Pavilions galore. Try a new food! Chilli chutney or passionfruit wine? Try a new cleaning formula! Try a revolutionary set of non-stick fry pans! ("No — it's NOT Teflon!") Check out a prize-winner in the cake-decorating, flower arranging or fruit and toothpick sculpture competitions.

Highlight #6: Showbags. Britney Spears gear, lollies, popping candy (similar to chilli sambal in that it tastes like a small explosion, but unlike chilli sambal is completely harmless) and reusable stickers. I was sold.

And so I spent the afternoon sucking a lollipop and bouncing my blow-up Garfield, who's always smiling.

If you're feeling old, too old for this sort of thing, think again. There's something for everyone at the Show.

a bit corny

Dear Woroni,
While you may enjoy wallowing in your abundant cynicism, some of us in the student community choose to disagree. While you may choose to knock, discredit, and satirise the SA, some of us think they do a sterling job. Who else would pack and fill all those show-bags? Would you? I think not, not you journo-hack-slackers! As someone who is the satisfied and contented recipient of *three*, yes *three*, bags of corn thins I say three cheers for our hard working diligent reps in the SA: they've got my vote.

Knut Amundsen

that still leaves 5%

Dear Woroni,
I am interested in writing for Woroni, and I am seriously concerned that the publication was, at times, last year specifically, alienating 95% of the uni with in-house, debso, SA jokes that most students don't know or care about. I think if you take a step back and look at this you will have to admit it's true. It's not like the whole publication is like this. There are many intelligent articles written about issues like the war on terror, globalisation and o-week. I understand that the editors and writers, who are essentially producing a quality publication for 10 cents an hour, deserve a bit of a chance to indulge themselves. It would just be nice if there was a better balance sometimes considering that the paper should be for all students, or at least as many as possible.

Ga Hin Ganito

mulholland gripe

Dear Editors of Woroni,
I feel obliged to write to you about Ricardo Athisbum's review of *Mulholland Drive*. The bloke has absolutely no idea. Sure, David Lynch's style is a bit left of centre, but attacking him because you don't understand him is akin to the persecution of van Gogh. If he wants happy narratives why doesn't he go and watch *Dude Where's My Car* again?

Sincerely,

Nikos Andronicos

Sydney

chasing humour

Dear Woroni,
I know whoever writes *The Strine* probably thinks they are as funny as the people who write *The Chaser*, but surely there's enough Australian news to satirise without resorting to just paying out Americans. I counted and out of the nine satirical stories and mock headlines, there were five that were trying to criticise America. And they were not particularly original (not to mention slightly repetitive). With such serious stories in the limelight (you know, children overboard, a threatened

Governor-General, the collapse of Ansett), you'd think there would be potential for some pithy humour somewhere to put things in perspective. Or was Woroni planning on revelling in the obscure for another year? Lift your game, pull up your socks, or whatever.

Unimpressed

boat shoe police

Dear Woroni,
I read your opinion piece on fashion with much eagerness, but I was surprised that you didn't make more of a mention of college fashions. Having been at the ANU for four long years, it has been a pleasure seeing socialist fashions change dramatically (I would become a socialist if it meant dressing that coolly) while college fashions have stayed pretty much the same. I don't know what makes girls want to wear rugby jumpers with the collar turned up, teamed with very short skirts and flat shoes, and I'm further confused by how they manage to match their dangly earrings successfully, but they always do.

The uniform for the boys seems to be jeans with an unironed shirt. It appears that the only time college students and socialists join as one is in the shoe department with their shared love affair with Birkenstocks. Anyway, thanks for the article. And really, I suppose without the college uniform we wouldn't be able to tell the college folk from everyone else until after they opened their mouths, and by then it's too late.

Name Withheld By Request

time for a campaign

Dear Woroni,
It was good to see the presence of a Women's officer out there doing stuff for women around campus being reported in your last issue. However, *The Canberra Times* reported an alleged sexual assault on campus in the first week of semester and I have heard nothing from the Women's Collective. I attended the International Women's Day Rally, and although it was lots of fun sitting through a Tori Amos song from two girls on the open mike, nothing was said about making the streets safer, and

nothing has been said on our campus about making uni safer. For too long we have been making it a woman's responsibility to protect herself, but where are the demands on others to take responsibility and not hold to ransom the most personal right of others. Where is the campaign on campus to prevent this from happening again? Are we simply relying on the sudden police presence that has not been hard to notice, or is the Women's collective waiting for another 'incident' to build its case? It's nice to be an equal within the tutorial room and lectures, but what kind of equality is it when you have to call a security guard to be escorted to your car — just in case...

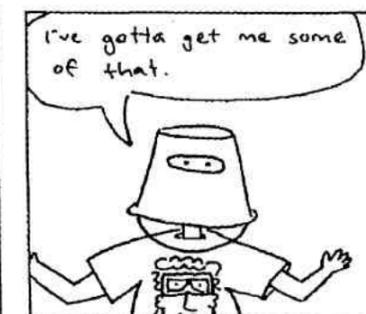
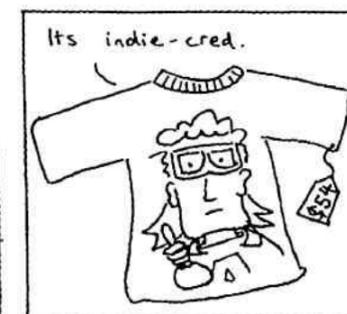
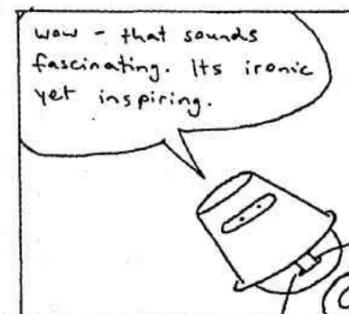
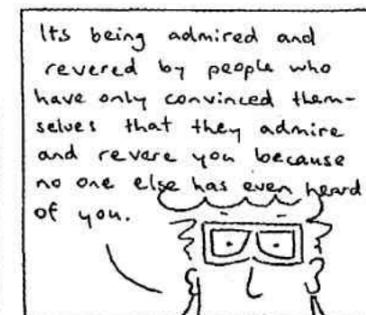
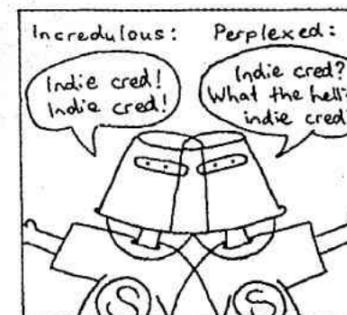
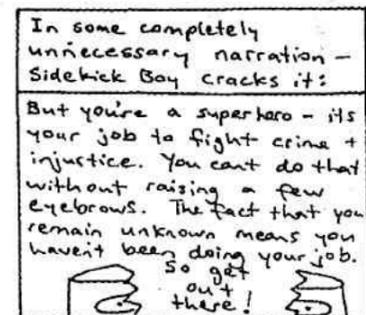
Anonymous

mmm...soiled

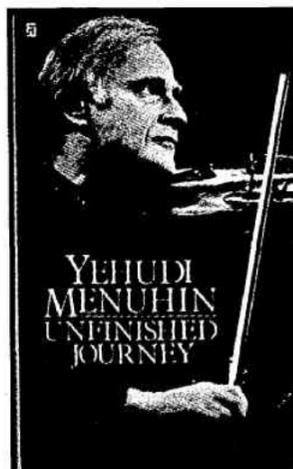
Dear Woroni,
I would just like to say to the guy who urinated down his own leg at the Law Common Room Party - My Boyfriend saw you, and we know who you are...

Watchful

Man o' Apathy



cartoon: marcus finlay



the villagers chanted for more letters, more, and this time with real names on them. but your random abuse and carefully thought out commentary will not go unrewarded. the prize for next month's best letter is a copy of yehudi menuhin's *unfinished journey*. so, get writing now! write to: woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au

club it to death

ANU Aussie Rules Football Club

The ANU Aussie Rules Football Club is gearing up for another great season. Most of the old players are back but it has also been really good to see so many new faces.

Whilst the squad has been training since January, the season was officially launched on March 15 at Manuka Oval with a demonstration game of Footy Tag by the women's team, followed by a function attended by the Club Patron, Pru Goward and Barrie Cassidy.

The first round of games for the men's first and second grade teams begin April 6 and the women's team begins April 13. The club trains every Tuesday and Thursday, 5.45pm at South Oval. Anyone who is interested in playing is welcome at training. For more information contact Colin Mues for the men's teams — 6258 5546 (h), cmues@abare.gov.au or Penny Fischer for the women's team — 0411 110675, penfish@hotmail.com.

Vampire: Elder Kindred

Network

For old and new players of the collectable card game Vampire: The Eternal Struggle (formerly known as Jyhad), by White-Wolf Games.

See: <http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Stage/5848/vtes.htm> or email: salem_christ@yahoo.com.

seeking similar

"pumpkin" seeks "love muffin" for cosy dinners and bouts of knitting by the fireside. Self proclaimed "retro" addict. Enjoys listening to churchill speeches on the wireless and making pumpkin scones. Call 1800 6248 7127

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Unleashing on Campus

ANU BAR

Wednesday March 13th, 4-6pm
Wednesday March 27th, 4-6pm

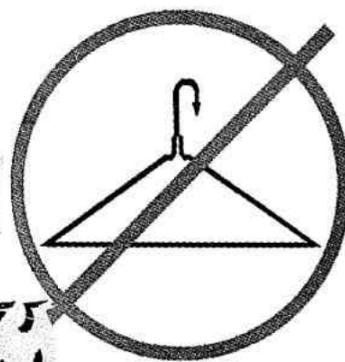
DECRIMINALISE CHOICE

Unplanned pregnancy is a fact of human life. Women cannot decide this most private of all decisions freely if termination is a criminal offence.

Freedom of Choice Rally

12-3pm Tuesday 9 April

ACT Legislative Assembly



When a woman is persuaded, emotionally or physically, into continuing with an unwanted pregnancy, this affects her life forever, and is a major abuse of her fundamental freedoms and human rights. Women should be able to freely decide whether or not to have a child. Such freedom does not yet exist in Australia.

This is a chance for ACT women to win the right to choose, without the fear of a jail term. Support Berry's Bills to remove termination from the Crimes Act 1900.

**The real crime
is no choice**

Called by Options for Women

Endorsed by: Family Planning ACT, Women's Electoral Lobby, Reproductive Healthcare Services, Women's Centre for Health Matters, ANU Women's Department

Authorised by K. Arabena for Options for Women, Family Planning Association, Childers Street, Canberra, ACT

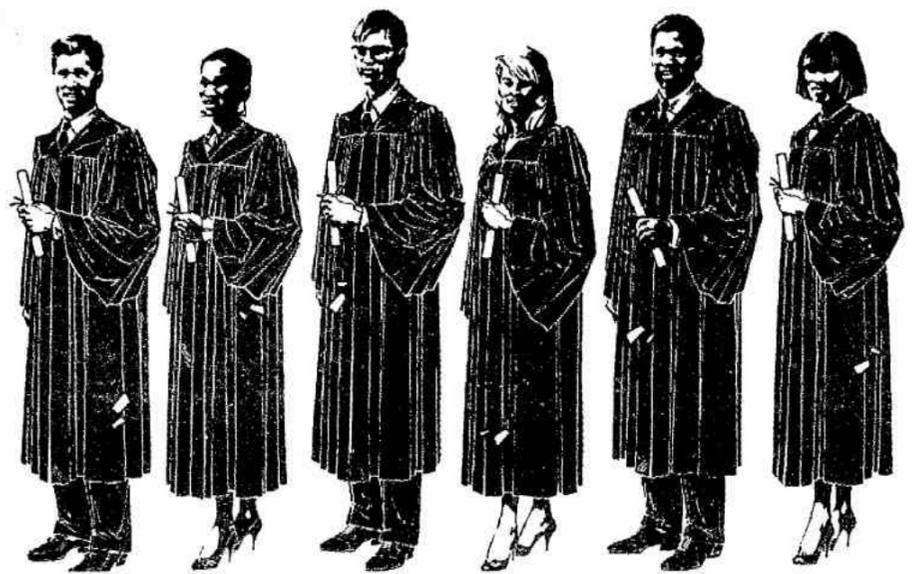
creative assessment 1001



tired of traditional study techniques? looking for a more original slant for your ground breaking thesis in second year sociology? consult woroni's very own self-help guru, "**matilda**" fordinggrass-mavis, for the answers to your academic success this year. cartoons by **aidan boreham**.

Darlings. Forgive me if I am jumping a few streets ahead of myself already, but in a typically zestful burst of enthusiasm for university (commonly known in its shortest form as it's-only-the-second-week-and-I-still-have-completely-misguided-beliefs-that-I-will-achieve-my-unrealistic-academic-ambitions-and-get-straight-HDs-while-finding-a-cure-for-cancer-saving-the-rainforests-and-getting-drunk-five-nights-out-of-seven), I have decided to do us all a favour. And it's all in the name of creative, fun and original assessment options, whether you're studying Property or Binary Mathematical Functions. Don't be dismayed by unit outlines which promise you the joy of essays such as "Discuss, describe and demonstrate the effect of the fluctuating yen on the productivity and output of rice farmers still using oxen in Northern Laos" (although I recently completed this little number for fun, and such a hoot it was! I really had to give the lecturer points for both alliteration and her clear reference to a 1970s punk-rock annual, very witty, Professor Haberson.) The next book in my much acclaimed "self-help" series will be called *Taking the Crass out of Procrastination: "Matilda"* Fordinggrass-Mavis's

guide to creative assessment options (retailing for students at a mere \$129.95). This will be an exclusive preview for Woroni readers in case they missed my Page one write-up in 'Spectrum' and 'The Review' in *The Australian*, and my radio interviews with Triple J, Triple M and Radio National. The media really can be frightful to deal with, I do hope they don't give too much away. Library, Schmirbary Using

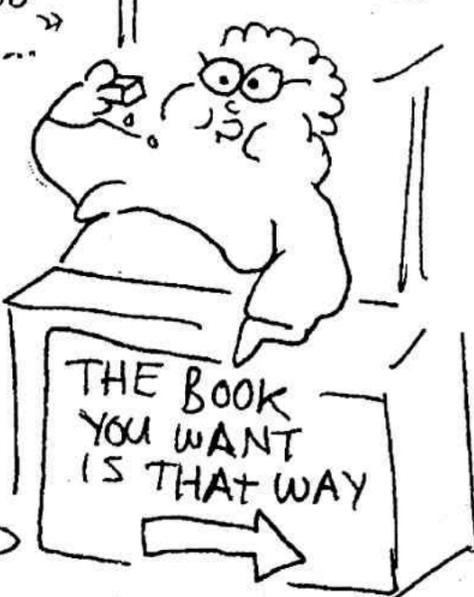


An honours thesis presented via interpretive dance is becoming increasingly attractive to employers offering positions at graduate level.

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TUT! LESS
QUESTIONS,
MORE SIGN
READING

their post Soviet architecture and cataloguing systems that may as well be only penetrable with the knowledge of a code involving references to

obsure and 'hard to get' episodes of *Star Trek*. And as for asking the library staff for help, forget it (particularly in the Law Library, they have Tim Tams to eat and *Bold and the Beautiful* to discuss, so don't be impertinent). Instead, begin to use a unique and increasingly creditable method of referencing your work. Eavesdrop on conversations your fellow students are having (and heavens to betsy, if you don't already eavesdrop, begin immediately you heathens!). The particularly brainy ones might even give you the answers you are looking for (although they can be difficult to spot, the ones wearing berets and carrying well-thumbed copies of *Ulysses* by James Joyce aren't quite the safe bet they once were), but even the ridiculously stupid ones can have their own uses, to say nothing of their inherently quirky charm. I was privileged to overhear a conversation between Boris and his trio of idiots the other day on the law school lawns. Boris remarked ingeniously that his ex-girlfriend, "just needed to get over him and move on. I mean, I'm happy for her if she's taking a lot of drugs, and exploring vegetarianism and her new found interest in

Birkenstocks, but really she's not going to fit in at College any more if she does that. Still, I can't save her from becoming a social pariah." His henchmen nodded sagely, and Boris then led them in a discussion of 'fish and chip' Fridays and the benefits of all-in-one dishes like pasta-bake or chicken stir-fry. Boris prefers pasta bake, and his trio made agreeing noises once more, demonstrating solidarity with his razor sharp observations on food and love.

I urge you not to let this oral story telling tradition go to waste. Consider utilising the wisdom Boris has taken the time to impart (however inadvertently), and include it in your discussion of the Noble Savage, and its relationship with twentieth Century literature. Place a footnote at the end of your quotation, of course. (Eg, Conversation overheard between Boris and the idiots 20th March 2002, on Law School lawns, and then *Ibid* and *Op. Cit* as appropriate.)

Answer the question You want to

Sure, right there on the ANU exam paper in front of you it might read:

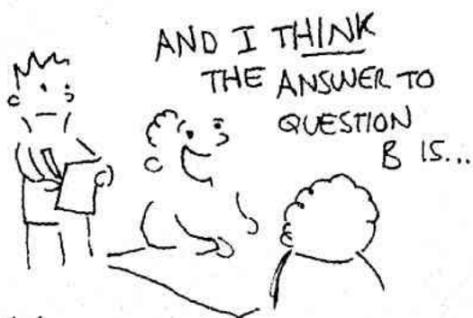
Discuss recent developments in feminist critiques of essentialism and difference. Compare and contrast Angela Harris and Catharine MacKinnon.

However, there is a very real possibility that the unthinkable may have occurred. It is not impossible that the night before you were tied forcibly to the couch by your housemates, who made you watch TV with pointed threats that "study nerds" who piked on a group house activity have to do the washing up. On first glance, this has left you with a small conundrum: Instead of rereading your philosophy brick, you have instead spent the evening before your 90 per cent exam undertaking the viewing bonanza that led you from *Neighbours*, *Ten local news*, *Home and Away*, *Becker*, *Just shoot me!*, *ER* and *Drama School to Temptation island*, rounding it all off nicely with *Buffy*. In my experience though, this will interest your lecturer much more than your regurgitation of their thoughts on Angela Harris, which they have read at least a thousand times before.

And, as your mother always used to tell you, write about what you know. Instead of feminist critiques, you may choose to compare and contrast the new episodes of *Buffy* with the old. Don't be afraid to incorporate your own personal experience into your response as well, just like

many of your peers are want to do in tutorials. Try a paragraph like this (and don't forget to use big words, this is an exam after all):

"The changes in the cultural, social and political discourse were immeasurable when Buffy Summers sacrificed herself to save her 'sister' Dawn, and the world by jumping through the porthole. The Scooby gang were left to rectify the situation as the effective next of kin, despite operating in a postmodern context that defies the constraints of (often) artificial constructions like 'kin', or where even a category like 'group of friends', may be too simplistic. From my perspective, I found it particularly reminiscent of the time my friend Marian tried to balance on the plank of wood over Sullies creek after we all had a big night out at the uni bar. Maz didn't think she was going to save the world, but she did call herself 'Zealous



HOW NOT TO EAVESDROP

unlike the main character based on John Birmingham in the film *He died with a felafel in his hand*. We all know the urban legend of the philosophy lecturer who placed a chair on a table in front of his exam full of students, and told them to write an essay on why the chair wasn't there.

The HD was awarded to the student who merely wrote, "What chair?"

This time honoured and cherished tale has been passed on so long that it must be true, so never dismiss the possibility of a two word response to any examination paper. Be sure to consider other presentation formats: interpretive dance and performance poetry are two emerging favourites. The interpretive dance of genetic evolution, for example, could be a both informative and aesthetically pleasing manner of completing your 60 per cent essay, and would be guaranteed to delight staff and students alike. A recitation on contract law at a performance poetry evening should also win points not only from your lecturer in attendance, but also from your fellow classmates, particularly useful if you have peer assessment. Just be sure to include a damning of Trotsky, several references to "overthrowing the fascist state" and that a one off, well placed and ironic use of the word "cunt" may also gain you credibility in certain circles.

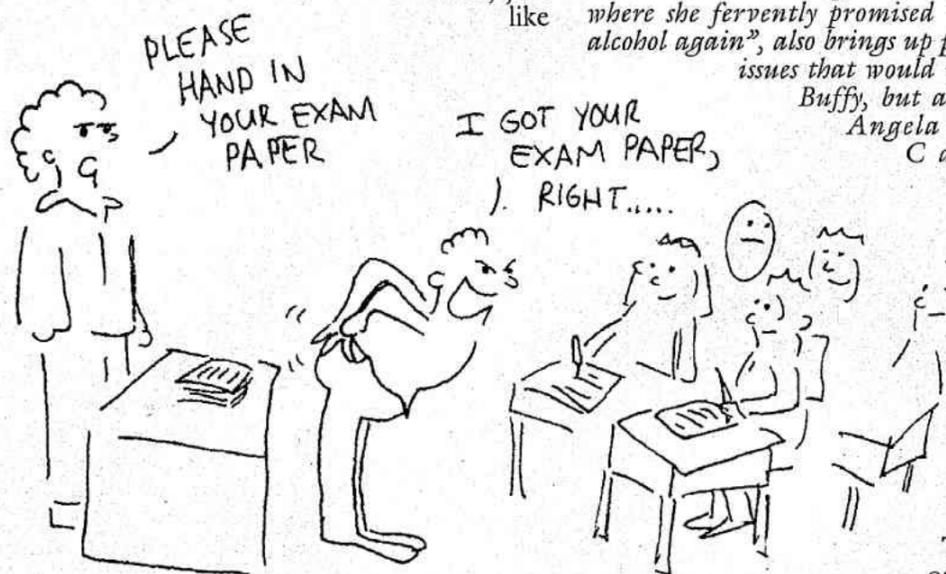
The Steven Bradbury approach Sabotaging your fellow students would be a disgusting practice, but there would be no problem with, say, throwing a huge party (a "study group" gathering) the night before a big exam. Encourage everyone (even the normally conscientious mature age students) all to have a rip roaring time and to take advantage of the goon and beer you have offered, free of charge. In the exam the next morning, just skate (proverbially) at the back of the crowd, and wait for all those a little under the weather to collide in front of you, allowing you to sweep in with a distinction. Don't be afraid to shed a few tears when they play the national anthem, even if it is only inside your head. After all, you deserve the academic glory — for all the hard work you have done.

Boris then led them in a discussion of 'fish and chip' Fridays and the benefits of all-in-one dishes like pasta bake or chicken stir-fry. Boris prefers pasta bake, and his trio made agreeing noises once more, demonstrating solidarity with his razor sharp observations on food and love.

Protector of the ducks". I think that the ensuing and vicious circle of lies where she fervently promised "never to touch alcohol again", also brings up pertinent ethical issues that would interest not only Buffy, but also theorists like Angela Harris and Catharine MacKinnon."

The final name dropping more than adequately ties your entire argument back to the original question.

The other option is to refuse to be creatively constrained by paper or the exam/essay format (not



SPOT THE STUDENT WHO DIDN'T STUDY



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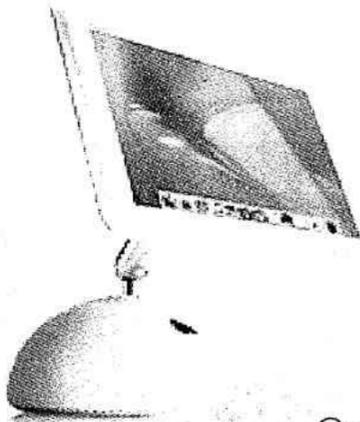


you've got your assessment schedule and tute readings are starting to pile up. now is as good a time as any to procrastinate. how, you ask? easy. write for woroni. please send submissions or any queries to: woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au.

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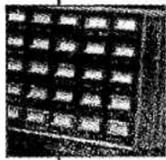
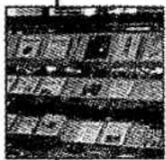
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Saturday	1pm – 4.45pm	1pm – 4.45pm	1pm – 4.45pm	Closed
Sunday	1pm – 4.45pm	1pm – 4.45pm	1pm – 4.45pm	1pm – 4.45pm
Sunday (12 May – 16 June)	10am – 5.45pm	1pm – 4.45pm	10am – 5.45pm	1pm – 4.45pm
Break (22 April – 5 May) WK Hancock Building open from 8.30am – 9pm Monday to Thursday, all other hours as above				
Public Holidays				
Easter Monday Only*	10am – 5.45pm	10am – 5.45pm	10am – 5.45pm	1pm – 4.45pm
Other than Easter	1pm – 4.45pm	1pm – 4.45pm	1pm – 4.45pm	1pm – 4.45pm
Semester Break (5 – 19 July)				
Monday – Thursday	8.30am – 5pm	8.30am – 5pm	8.30am – 5pm	10am – 6pm
Friday	8.30am – 5pm	8.30am – 5pm	8.30am – 5pm	10am – 5pm

*Closed Good Friday, Easter Saturday and Easter Sunday

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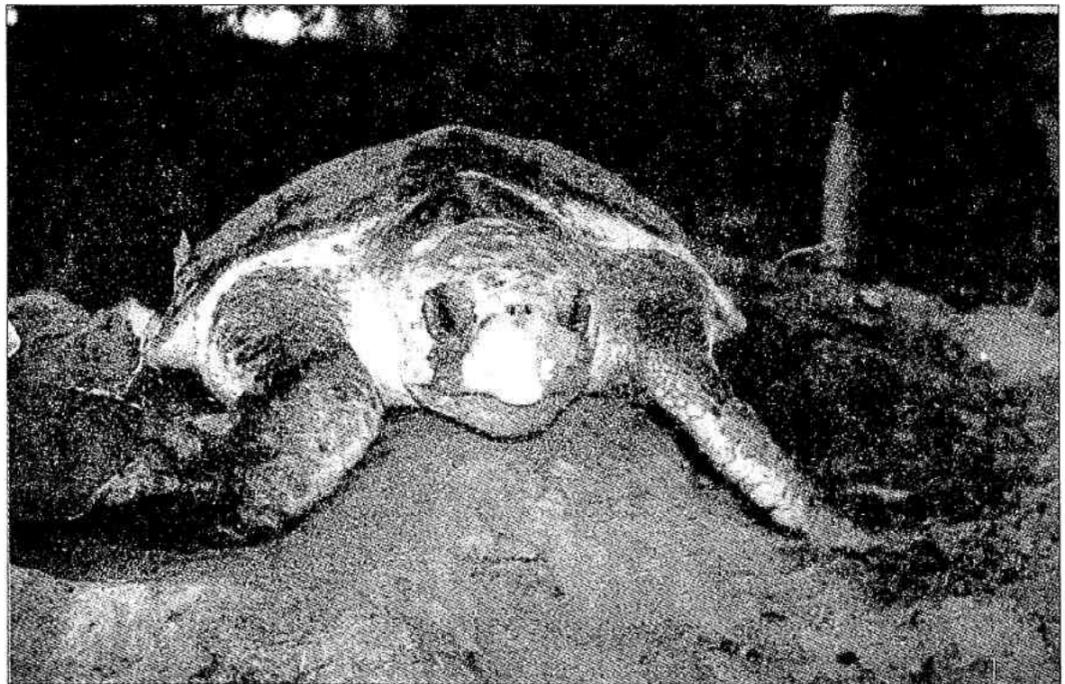
sun, surf and saving sea turtles



danica ralston takes part in a hands-on conservation project and discovers the challenges faced by one of the earth's most threatened species (no animals were harmed in the making of this article).

This is a story of sand, sun, fun, hot weather, late nights, early mornings, alcohol, meeting new people, exotic sunrises, and saving sea turtles. For fifteen nights during January I volunteered my services as a professional, err, ANU student, and walked up and down a special 2km beach called Mon Repos, close to Bundaberg in the sunny state of Queensland. This beach supports the largest concentration of nesting sea turtles on the eastern Australian mainland and is our most accessible sea turtle rookery. It was here in 1968 that the Queensland Turtle Research Project began. Every year since then, between November and March, volunteers have been assisting researchers engage in long term ecological and conservation studies that will hopefully ensure future generations aren't pissed at us for killing off another of the Earth's fine creatures.

Australian shores are visited by six of the seven species of sea turtles. These are Loggerheads, Greens, Flatbacks, Leatherbacks, Hawkesbills and Olive Ridleys. Loggerheads make up the majority of turtles visiting Mon Repos, followed by Flatbacks and Greens. It was our job to collect data on every nesting turtle that ventured out of the water to lay about 120 ping-pong ball sized eggs in a perfectly dug chamber somewhere along the dunes. Before going to Mon Repos I never really questioned what I would actually be doing (because I didn't know) — it just seemed like a good idea. It was only upon arrival, as I was pitching my tent at midnight with a dying torch in what appeared to be a snake infested jungle (they turned out to be crab holes) that I realised I

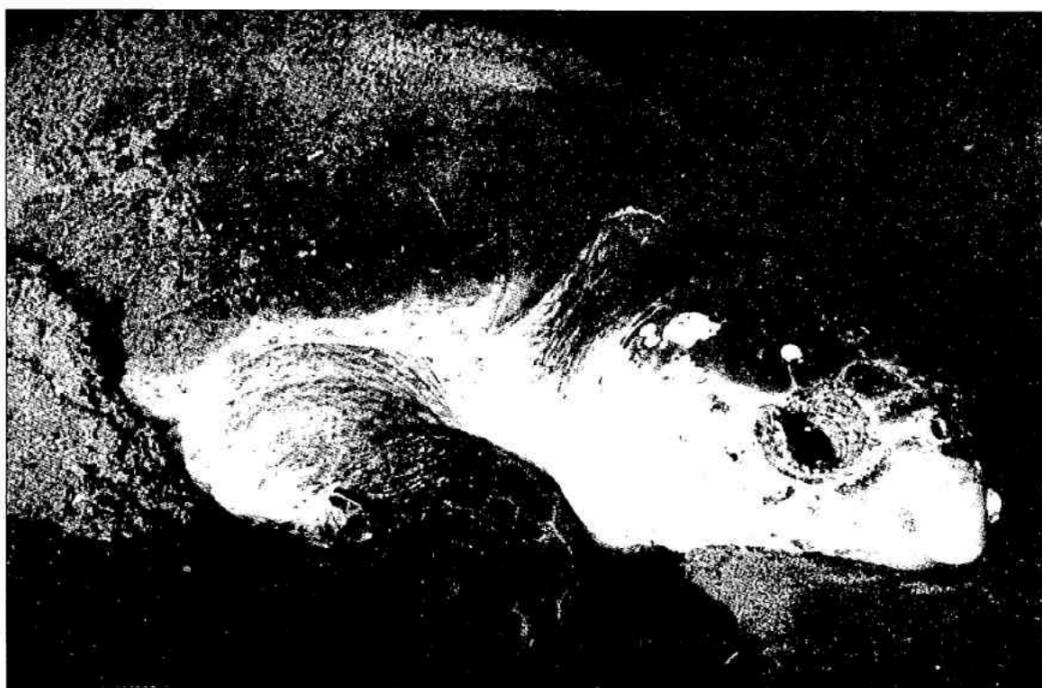


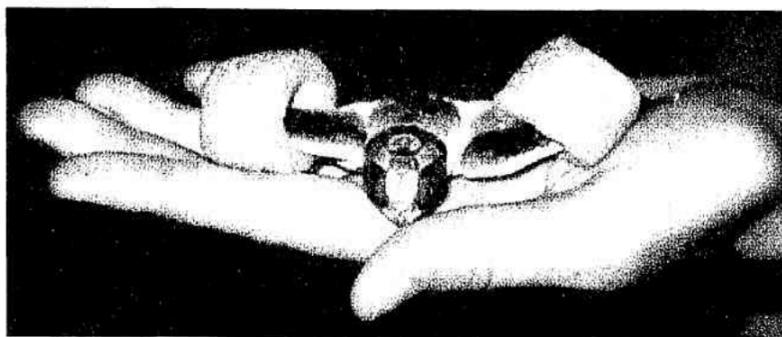
wasn't in Canberra anymore. Luckily I was about to do the graveyard shift, so what first presented itself as fear quickly changed into what would become a familiar part of my Mon Repos lifestyle — being bloody tired. My biggest problem turned out to be getting lost on the 100m walk back from the beach at four a.m. when I was either (a) about to collapse

from tiredness, (b) really really hungry (c) busting for the toilet, or (d) all of the above. The most tiresome nights were when there were no turtles at all. Unfortunately, these are becoming more common. Decades ago Mon Repos would see 60-70 females a night during the nesting season. When I was there the most we had was four, with totals from earlier in the season sitting at fourteen. In the past fifteen years the number of turtles nesting on Mon Repos has fallen by 50 to 80 per cent. The worldwide status of the Loggerhead species alone is moving from endangered to critically endangered, with other species classified as either endangered, threatened or vulnerable to extinction. But we haven't seen the worst yet. During the 70s and 80s, sea turtle eggs were at the mercy of hungry dingoes and foxes, which have now been controlled through baiting programs. Also, pesky kids used to wait until a turtle had laid, "ride" it back to the water, run to dig up the nest and then have a good old fashioned egg fight (the little bastards). So basically not many of the hatchlings from that era got to the water, and as they take around 30-40 years to reach reproductive age, numbers will reach their lowest around 2010.

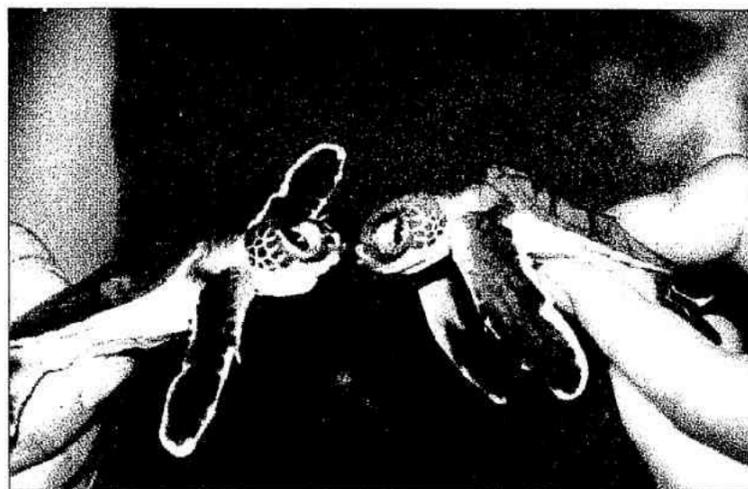
Thankfully sea turtles are now totally protected and interference with them or their eggs without a special permit is an offence. But this doesn't stop human pressure having a major impact on their population. Adult loggerheads, for example, have an annual survival rate of above 90 per cent in the absence of human impact. Add the effects of human impact and

[this page] Mature loggerhead





a momentous struggle between volunteer and beast, often with some confused tourists looking



this survival rate drops by an estimated thirteen per cent. The decline is largely a result of accidental kill by the commercial fishing industry that operates off Australia's shores. Entanglement in crab pot lines, drowning in trawl nets, speed boat strikes, getting tangled in old nets and fishing lines, ingesting plastic rubbish, and over exploitation are leading turtle populations to the brink of extinction. In 1991 the Queensland government banned trawling in the waters adjacent to Mon Repos beach. During the next two breeding seasons only one female was found dead, compared to previous totals of 34 dead in one breeding season. One woman told me of her fight to implement legislation to prevent the mass release of helium balloons in NSW. Once these balloons pop they drop back and get washed into the ocean. If turtles mistakenly eat these jellyfish look-a-likes their intestines become blocked and they starve to death. This is also true for the styrofoam in bean bags and other plastic waste. Artificial lights are also a major concern as they disorient nesting adults and hatchlings. The research station actually took some developers to court

on and wondering what the hell we were doing. On rare occasions a turtle would have no tag which meant someone would have to frantically rummage through their kit to get a new one and then attach it (much like an ear piercing) to the upper flipper. It was important to keep our hands and fingers away from the turtles' jaws while doing this, because even though they have no teeth they can quite easily take off a hand with their suction-like bite. Hence I always felt sheer volunteer respect for the person — brave enough to stand in front of a grunting turtle — trying to persuade it to stop moving by pushing its head into the sand.

Another part of the job was looking for hatchling tracks in the sand close to the dunes. It takes about eight weeks after laying for a nest to emerge. The little

cuties break their leathery shell with a

knob on top of their heads, and then use tiny claws on their flippers to make their way out. They all work their way up together to just below the sand and wait until it changes temperature so they know it's night-time. This is a good evolutionary tactic because during the daytime sand temperatures can reach 55°C and any hatchlings trying to run across at that time would



grown sea turtles each year, and countries over exploiting turtle populations for food, souvenirs and shell harvesting. But this problem is too complex simply to direct blame elsewhere. We have to ask ourselves what is driving other people to kill sea turtles. For example, Balinese fishermen have killed off all

the green turtles in their near-shore waters about 30 years ago and are now sailing thousands of kilometres to make a profitable turtle catch, so that they can put some food on their own tables. We have to question what it is exactly that John West rejects —

dead sea turtles with hooks in them don't make for good tuna sandwiches. People need to be informed and made aware of the changes that are taking place in our environment because of the way we choose to live. Understanding and challenging global forces with scientific research and wisdom is how our generation is going to get sea turtles taken off the endangered list.

So that's my story. Oh, in case I mislead anyone with my opening sentence, it was lots of fun swimming in the hot sun, drinking Bundaberg rum, meeting new people and finishing work each night with an exotic sunrise.



and won over a proposed plan to turn Mon Repos

(above) The sandwich John West won't use in its advertising campaign.

beach into an urban backyard. It would be an understatement to say that continued successful breeding at Mon Repos is critical for the survival of loggerhead turtle populations within the South Pacific.

This is where I come into the story. It was the volunteers' job to firstly spot a turtle making its way out of the water and try not to scare it off. On many a dark late night I was often confused by turtle-shaped rocks that beautifully mimicked what I was so eager to see. To my surprise this condition did not improve with geographical familiarity and I was often the dickhead radioing in a well-known landmark with too much nervous excitement and not enough in the way of contact lenses. After a real turtle had made its "slower than a line moves at student administration" way up the beach, cleared a body pit, dug a chamber and started laying, we would then collect data (shell size, tag numbers, damage etc), relocate the nest if it was below the high tide mark, and move on. If for any reason a turtle decided not to lay, it would simply turn around and think of coming back the next night. We, however, needed the tag number located on one of its two massive flippers. What followed was usually

basically fry. Another of their cool tricks is to ingest their yolk sacs through their stomach, which gives them sufficient sustenance for three days. At night-time they all emerge and are oriented to the light of the horizon. They move their strong little flippers and make it down the beach with the unrestrained enthusiasm and sheer determination of a first year trying to make a lecture on time, only to be belted about by the first wave that knocks them somersaulting backwards. Nevertheless they keep going, get into the sea and make it to the open ocean by orienting themselves to swim perpendicular to the wave fronts. After three days they tuck their flippers behind them and drift along eating anything that floats past them (like jellyfish or balloons) letting the current take them out into the Pacific. Most of the hatchlings make it into the water, with only around two per cent getting taken by crabs (seeing a ghost crab grab a hatchling by the head and drag it into a hole is not a pleasant sight). Every year after that around ten per cent get eaten by sharks or other big fish. Only one in one thousand make it to reproductive age. So that's another reason why it's so sad to have long line fishing hooks killing hundreds of fully



RABBIT- PROOF FENCE

amber beavis and merryn spencer scale the wall of controversy to meet with director, Phillip Noyce.

"Those other kids that were taken, they were much younger. They didn't know mother. But I was older. I knew mother. I wanted to go home to mother." Molly Craig 84yrs, Jigalong, August 2001

In many cultures, throughout history, there have been evidence that the establishment of a civilisation has gone hand in hand with the

displacement of indigenous peoples. Civilisations as historically great as China or Greece — cultures renowned for their learning

and technology — were both built on the ruins of others. In Australia, we have first hand knowledge of the displacement of the original

occupants of this continent, after all it only officially ended 30 years ago. Right up until the early 1970s the removal of children (those with Aboriginal and European ancestry) was approved by government policy. These children who were taken in this way are now referred to as the **S t o l e n Generations**.

In recent years there has been a campaign of reconciliation and a move to reunite these children with their parents. The release of Phillip Noyce's "Rabbit Proof Fence" has reignited mainstream awareness of this

issue. Noyce agrees that "the landscape of black-white relationships has changed terribly over the last decade: from a denial of pride, on both sides, to respect...and self respect. Now you get people celebrating their language [and] their culture". This was no more apparent than at the Canberra Q&A screening of *Rabbit Proof Fence* where many audience members veered from the traditional path of inane questions and personal vindication in preference to more personal memories. The evening closed with the impromptu reading of an order for the removal of one gentleman's mother from her family in the 1930s. This is living history.

Based on the book by Doris Pilkington Garimara, *Rabbit Proof Fence* chronicles the



+ An estimated 100 000 children were taken from their parents over 60 years.

+ 10% of Aboriginals over the age of 25 were removed from their parents (Source: 1994 ABS).

+ NSW admitted in June, 1997 that between 1940-69, it separated at least 8000 children and said that the real figure was likely to be much higher.

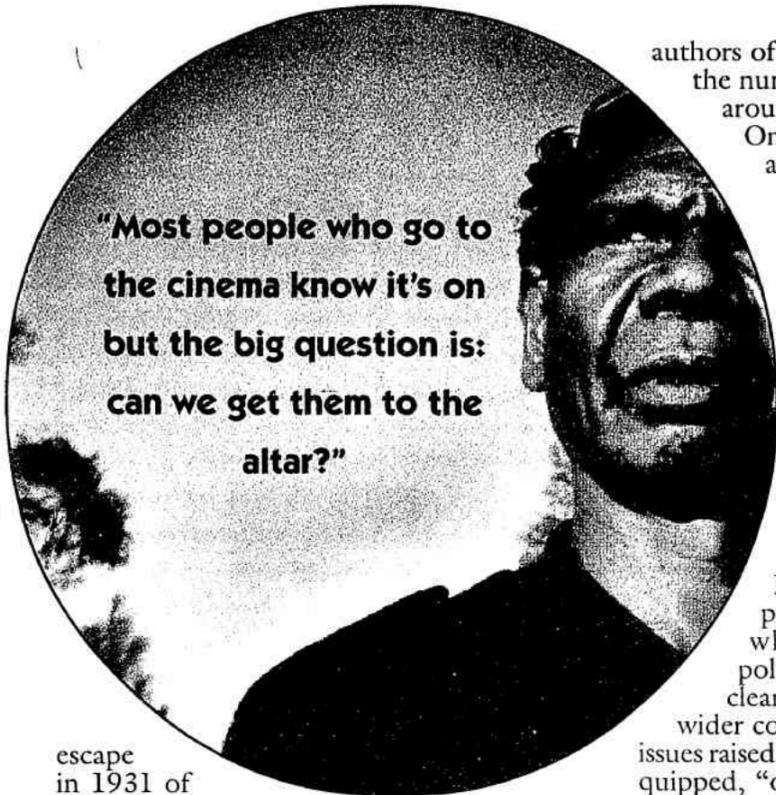
+ In May 1997 the report "Bringing Them Home" by the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity commission was published. It called for a government apology, compensation and a National Sorry Day. It said that the government's policies had amounted to genocide.

+ On October 8th 1996, Senator Herron, borrowing Lady Macbeth's Line said to Senate "What is done cannot be undone".

+ In July 1997 the Catholic and Anglican Churches apologised for their role in the stolen generation policy.

+ On August 26th 1999, Federal Parliament passed a historic declaration of "deep and sincere regret for past injustices to Aboriginies". It did not mention the Stolen Generations.

Source: www.smh.com.au/news/specials/natl/stolen/



"Most people who go to the cinema know it's on but the big question is: can we get them to the altar?"

escape in 1931 of

Molly Craig, her sister and cousin from the Moore River Native Settlement. Taken from their home 2400km away at Jigalong Depot on the edge of the Gibson Desert, the girls escaped the church-run institution in order to return to their mothers. Making their way to the rabbit proof fence — on which their fathers had worked and their home was situated — Molly, Gracie and Daisy walked for three months in order to regain their freedom. Noyce explained, "it's a wonderful and moving story, the kind you would imagine had been concocted by a scriptwriter. Three little children, a rabbit proof fence, it brings their fathers, it moves their fathers on....they get taken to a foreign planet, by people who they can't speak to, they escape and find that fence. They take on a system and beat the system and then, it's *Rocky*. But it's based on a real story and it's part of our history."

The story is inspiring. So much so that it prompted screenwriter, Christine Olsen, to call Noyce in Los Angeles at 3am to pitch her work. Noyce recalls the utter randomness of the situation: "There was this strange Australian female voice on the other end of the phone announcing she had the perfect script for which I was the perfect director. And I said to her, 'I get so many people who ring, and tell me that every week, but most of them do it in the middle of the day'. I told her to ring back tomorrow or the next day at my office." This was ultimately a story that needed to be told with the voice of mainstream cinema.

But to what degree have these issues pervaded the Australian consciousness? Noyce considers the question; "We had to fight to get people interested. We had to get it out there. Most people who go to the cinema know it's on but the big question is can we get them to, you know, to the altar." He also predicted a backlash in the weeks following the nationwide release of the film because some people deny the existence of a stolen generation when, in fact, it has affected people living within our own lifetimes. Take, for example, the article published in *The Australian* (11/3/02) by Peter Howson, Minister for Aboriginal affairs in 1971-2, and Des Moore, director of the Institute for Private Enterprise. In their piece "A Rabbit-Proof Fence Full of Holes" they make reference to infanticide, child neglect and "stories...close to fantasies". What their article neglects to mention, however, is the fact that up until the 1970's government policy dictated that the state might remove Aboriginal children from their parents. What their article skirts around is the fact that this policy was in place within living memory. This does not, however, seem to make a substantial difference to the

Return journey

authors of this article, nor to the authors of the numerous similar opinions published around the country.

One would suppose that an Australian audience would respond more positively to the film than overseas audiences might, however, Phillip Noyce is wary: "there's an inbuilt resistance in Australia. It's historical really — probably because 'Aboriginal equals problems'. We know that the country is divided into two political camps. We know that the Liberal party is sympathetic — but steadfast — to Aboriginal issues. We know that the Labor party is sympathetic and more malleable".

It's obvious that the Australian public doesn't necessarily choose which film to see according to political affiliation, however, it's also clear that there are some sectors of the wider community who are resistant to the issues raised in "Rabbit Proof Fence". As Noyce quipped, "our job is to try and get to that half".

Political issues aside, however, this film is a coup for Australian cinema. From scouring the country to find three Aboriginal girls from 1200 hopefuls to play the roles of Molly, Gracie and Daisy, to enlisting Kenneth Branagh for the role of AO Neville the "Chief Protector of all Aboriginies", this is a film created via many methods. The three main actresses, for example, were cast according to character. Casting director, Christine King (*Moulin Rouge*, *Two Hands*) and Phillip Noyce and a team of sub-casting directors were focused on not only finding the right individuals, but a trio with the chemistry required to hold the film together. In contrast Branagh, with his Shakespearean background, Deborah Mailman, a well known Australian actress on the stage, small and large screens and David Gulpilil of *Crocodile Dundee* fame, are all experienced in their craft. The participation of such a diverse cast ensures that the film itself has the same blend of naivety and experience which is so central to the actual story. And it is this element which makes it a story which is universally applicable: "The issue of black or white disappeared...I think that for the black and white members of the crew, suddenly it all made sense. People were overcome by that realisation that this was not a concept anymore but something very basic....it's a story about all of us which happens to feature three little Aboriginal kids who are the ones who triumph".

"My research was emotional," says Noyce. "I went to Moore River with Doris Pilkington who had grown up there. It's now a collection of ruins, the original site is 130 kilometers North of Perth. I walked around with her and she recalled her time there. Then I drove up the rabbit-proof fence with her son: Molly's grandson, Sonny, to meet Molly and Daisy. The key exchange was Molly's simple answer to a simple question: "Why did you leave?" and that was, "because I was old enough to know mother. Those other kids, they didn't know mother, I wanted to go home to mother." It's just so simple.

Their survival was by foraging and by

handouts...in her story. They did call in at farms, and there's more of that in the film than there is in the book, because that's what seemed to happen. And there's a record of each of those sightings, because even if people helped them, they informed [authorities] or reported them. And then, of course there's the character that Deborah Mailman plays, maybe those girls never met, but that was included after examining the records of how many girls who went out from the camp on farms came back pregnant. 30 out of 33 in 1930, of whom the majority were pregnant to white men."

"The big issue was the idea that children should be separated from their mother. It violates a basic animal instinct. Evelyn's mother was a removed child, and she still harbours extreme anxiety about why she was removed, whether it was with her parents consent as she was told, or whether in fact it was because she was stolen. That's very much an issue on her mind. It appears that the film is a bit of a beacon to people who have experienced extreme psychological dislocation."

"[This film has only] achieved a sense of mission if we can penetrate beyond you guys.



Beyond people whose minds are not closed. This is a film that celebrates our own history, a shared history. Everyone working on this film was imbued with a sense of privilege. It just came out of reading the story....it's a wonderful and moving story, the kind you would imagine had been concocted by a scriptwriter...." Noyce trails off. "What was your question?"

The film has had a strong presence in schools programs across the country, in study guides produced by Australian Teachers of Media. The popularity of the film is evident when one hears of the booking schools into cinemas, for example, Cairns had 18 000 bookings. Bathurst had almost two weeks worth of pre-bookings for schools. As Noyce quips; "Well, open minds...you want them, go for the schools. Do you mind if I smoke?"

not all black and white

robert mugabe has retained the presidency in zimbabwe in an election that was far from being free and fair. the commonwealth is split down north/south lines. mugabe claims to be avenging the wrongs of colonialism and fighting imperialism. **andrei seeto** investigates.



(left) An MDC campaign vehicle after a brush with government-backed militia

Countries with names beginning with Z do not feature highly in most people's consciousness. However, one country that begins with Z may have managed recently to buck the trend: Zimbabwe. Indeed, Zimbabwe was at the forefront of the public agenda for a group of 'statesmen' gathered from around the globe in Queensland a few weeks ago. In Coolool on the Sunshine Coast, the Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting (CHOGM) was held from the second to the fifth of March. Zimbabwe was one of the few issues of significant importance, indeed it was the only issue of any *urgent* significance at Coolool. At the time CHOGM was held, Zimbabwe, a nation of around 13 million people, was a week away from presidential elections, where President Robert Mugabe, who has ruled for the past 22 years since independence, was seeking

concerns at the time that the elections would be anything but free and fair. These fears have been borne out; depending on whom you talk to however. A split has developed between African countries and Western countries over the Zimbabwe issue. This split that was developing prior to CHOGM, worsened during the conference, and has continued, perhaps even worsened over the election's post-mortem.

Zimbabwe — Southern Rhodesia as it was known in colonial nomenclature until independence in 1980 — is located in southern Africa, lodged between Zambia, Mozambique, South Africa and Botswana. Zimbabwe is an economic basket-

another six-year term. There were serious

case, where eight out of ten people live in poverty, where 60 per cent of the population is unemployed, where the economy shrank by 7.3 per cent last year and inflation is running at 117 per cent. Moreover, during the last two years there has been widespread violence and intimidation against opponents of the governing Zimbabwe African National Union — Patriotic Front (ZANU-PF) regime. In this environment Mugabe was facing perhaps his first real challenger in the form of the Movement for Democratic Change (MDC), led by Morgan Tsvangirai a former trade-union leader. Zimbabwe was not always an economic disaster zone, independence began with optimism and indeed magnanimous gestures from Zimbabwe's new leader, resistance hero,

(below) In soccer, mad Zimbabwe voters supporting the MDC opposition give President Mugabe the red card



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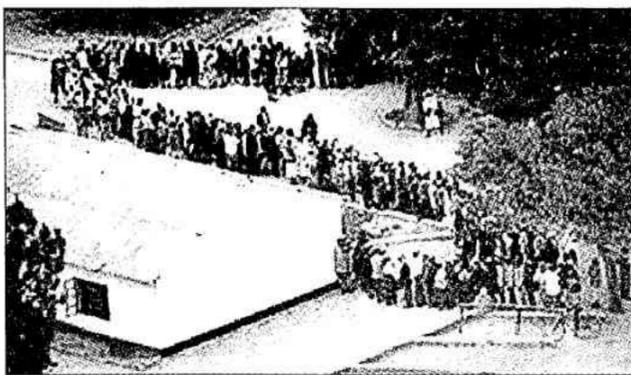
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(above) One of the long queues of voters.

Robert Mugabe towards the minority white community that had ruled 'Rhodesia' along South African lines.

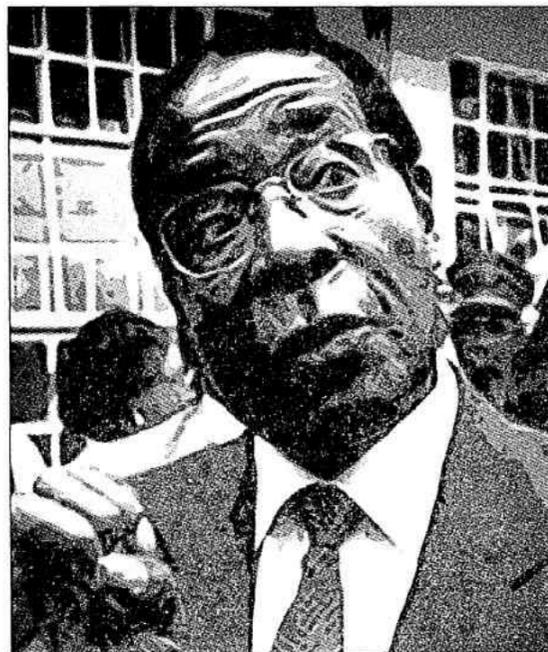
Comrade Mugabe, as the 78-year-old is politely deferred to in Zimbabwe's state press, blames the few thousand white 'Old Rhodesian' farmers, Britain, and various 'traitors' such as the MDC, for Zimbabwe dire straits. Mugabe presents it as a story of vindictive imperialists wanting to ensure the failure of Zimbabwe, prevent land redistribution, and destroy independence. The MDC blames the country's woes on the Mugabe and the governing ZANU-PF elite, accusing massive mismanagement, corruption, embezzlement and its use of political violence to hang on to power and privilege. This is epitomised in Mugabe's lavishing of riches on his young wife Grace, somewhat of a contender at an Imelda Marcos impersonation contest. With media mostly state controlled, popular music has been an outlet for public reaction against the government with hit songs like *The President is a Thief*. Nor can one forget that during the 1980s, Mugabe's North Korean trained Fifth Brigade terrorised Matabeleland where there was dissent amongst the Ndebele people — a minority. No one is sure of the actual death toll, but it is estimated to be at 20,000.

Mugabe has just 'won' the presidential election in Zimbabwe. During the election campaign there has been widespread violence and intimidation and arbitrary changes in electoral laws that the MDC said would disenfranchise their supporters. These electoral law changes for instance would remove from electoral rolls those with names indicating they are part of the diaspora from neighbouring African countries. Names have been added to the electoral role, which only the government has viewed. Electoral booths were moved to the country from Harare, Zimbabwe's capital, where the urban population is opposed to the President. Voting in Harare polling booths were reportedly moving at the galloping rate of 20 votes an hour; it was taking some voters 15 hours to cast their vote if they were lucky. And despite an appellate court order to extend voting, hundreds of thousands still did not get to exercise their right to vote. Only 439,600 of the 880,000 voters registered in Harare and Chitungwiza voted, despite massive voter turnout as witnessed in the jammed queues outside polling places. Prior to the election the army had indicated that it would not accept the results if Mugabe did not win. Tsviangari has been charged with treason, following an SBS documentary which apparently shows him discussing a plot to overthrow Mugabe. This is but the tip of the iceberg of what opposition leader Morgan Tsviangari has described as the biggest electoral fraud he has ever witnessed.

The British Empire's successor, the Commonwealth a jumbled assortment of Britain and its former colonies is an organisation in search of a purpose. CHOGMs

are sort of like high school reunion parties, there's no real point to the exercise (and if there once was a point no one can quite remember what it was), and no one has that much in common anymore. But everyone loves a party and the less point to the whole exercise, the better. And anyway, who has ever turned down a junket? The British Empire is now something safely consigned to the creative departments of Merchant Ivory film productions: a nostalgic style reflected in g & ts at the Peninsula or on the veranda at Raffles.

This is a rather romantic view. Is the British Empire dead? That would seem to be a pretty ridiculous question, when 'everyone' knows we live under the fearsome watch of *Pax Americana*. There is, of course, plenty of scope to criticise the historical wrongs of British



(above) Comrade Robert Mugabe, 're-elected' President of Zimbabwe.

imperialism, but it is definitely history. President

Robert Mugabe of Zimbabwe disagrees.

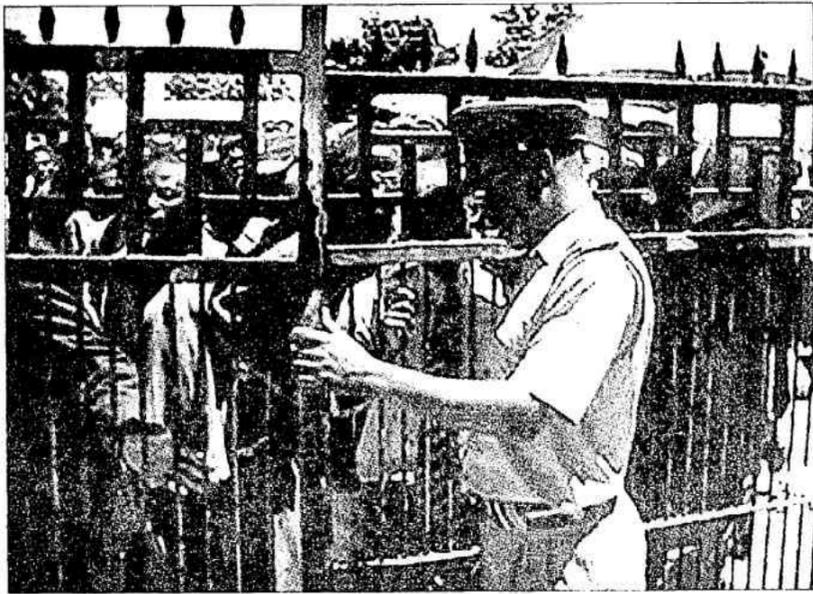
Land is the central issue; it is unfinished business left over from Zimbabwe's independence. Today, around 4,400 white farmers retain 12.2 million hectares of the most fertile land for commercial farming. One must compare this to the 15.4 million hectares of poor quality land (much that is non-arable) on which 1.2 million communal households are squeezed together. The white population of around 40,000 constitutes less than 0.8 per cent of the Zimbabwean population. Land reform, part of the Lancaster House independence agreement, in which Britain promised to help fund, has never really been implemented: with

much swiping between Britain and Zimbabwe over Britain not fronting up with sufficient funds or Zimbabwe giving land to the government leadership and its cronies. Everyone in Zimbabwe, including the white farmers, agree that land reform is essential.

Mugabe, drawing upon his image as resistance hero, ran his election campaign on the issue of land reform, which he tied to imperialism. He linked the MDC, with 'their backers' — the white farmers, and British Prime Minister Tony Blair (or "Tony B-Liar" as Mugabe dubbed him), whom the President set out as the neo-colonial mastermind of an attempt to basically destroy Zimbabwe. In a largely uneducated and rural electorate, where food is in short supply and its distribution has been monopolised under government control (placing the government symbolically and in a very real sense in a position of enormous power over people's everyday life), and white farmers occupy the most fertile productive land, this is a potent message. Land reform is always political, but Mugabe has hijacked the issue as the key rhetorical tool in his pursuit of political survival. The beginning of commercial farm seizures by so-called war veteran groups, and Mugabe's use of land reform as his key weapon of survival, coincided with the popular rejection of Mugabe's proposed new constitution in January 2000. The new constitution would have given the President the power to dissolve Parliament at will, and granted government officials immunity from prosecution, among other extreme measures. Political violence against those opposed to Mugabe followed in the parliamentary elections of June 2000, which ZANU-PF narrowly won. The presidential election campaign is the logical culmination of this process of political violence and increasingly dictatorial government.

Land reform is absolutely necessary, but Mugabe's use of it in an all or nothing bid for survival, his tying of it to his political identity, has sullied the importance of the issue. Resolving the land issue in a way that allows Zimbabwe to move on from colonial inequity, by attempting to neutralise — at least to some extent — the heated politics of the issue, has been made all the more difficult, maybe impossible, by Mugabe's injection of the ugly politics of personal survival into the politics of land.

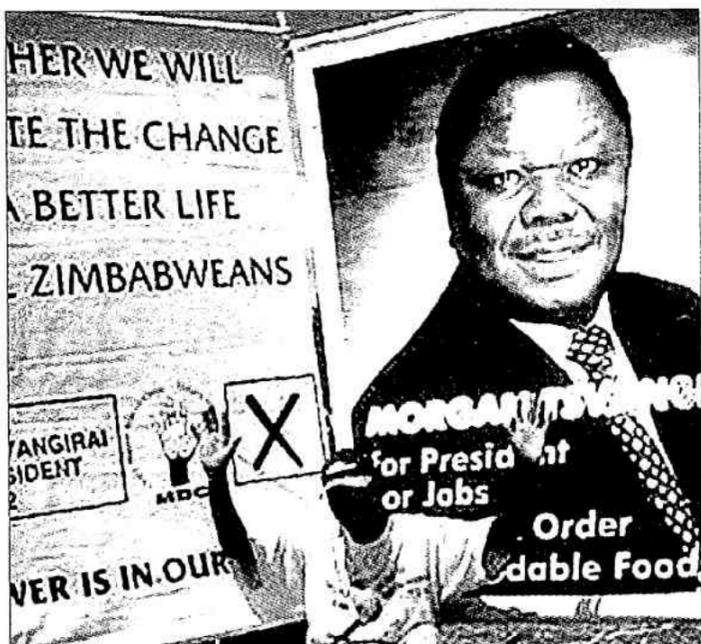




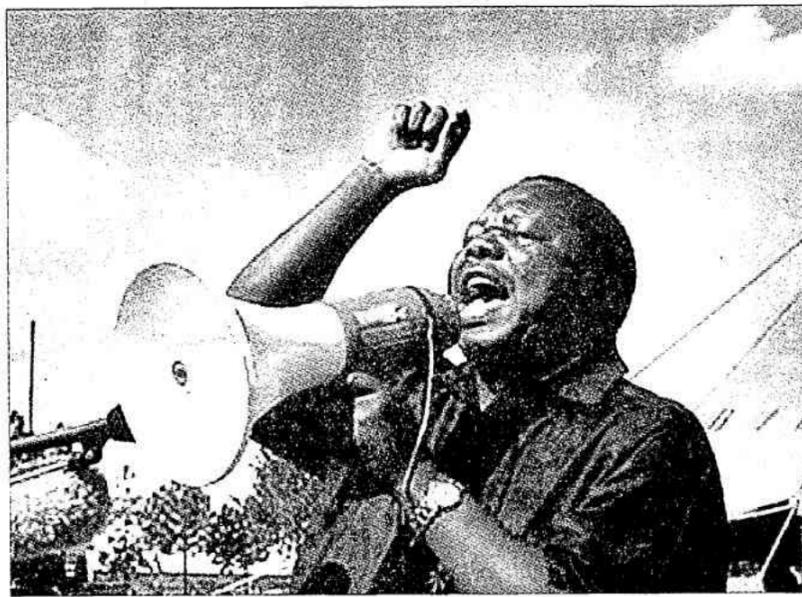
(left) 6 hours after polls were meant to open police still refuse to allow voters to enter a polling place.

The white farmers of Zimbabwe are the direct and living legacy of the British Empire, just as much as the curious edifice known as Australia is as well. British imperialism lives but not in the wacky world of conspiracy theory rhetoric that Mugabe used during the election campaign: the state media apparatus was not averse to claiming that Britain was orchestrating plans to set up bases in neighbouring countries from which it could invade Zimbabwe. The Empire is dead yes, but its legacy lives on. This must be recognised, history is not something that may be quietly buried; it will neither go away or stop. The legacy of empire remains, but it is possible to move beyond it.

The old White Commonwealth (the so-called ABCN: Australia, Britain, Canada and New Zealand) spearheaded moves against Zimbabwe at CHOGM, but had its moves blocked by African Commonwealth members. The land issue reverberates in Africa, as does solidarity amongst the leadership, which was built up during nationalist struggles for independence and against Apartheid. People do not like being told what to be lectured or told what to do, especially by those who claim the moral high ground while simultaneously forgetting what their countries have done in the past. Mugabe successfully played to this traditional pan-African solidarity. It is right and necessary for the ABCN to speak out about violence, intimidation and autocratic government, but a little more in the way of memory and humility would not go amiss. John Howard can hardly lecture anyone from the position of saint-hood about land reform, or following 'children overboard' how one runs an election properly in a democracy, i.e. political debate conducted on the basis of the truthful distribution of information by a government about its actions.



without the unwieldy size and institutional stasis of the UN. The Commonwealth is meant



(above) Leader of the MDC opposition movement, Morgan Tsvangirai.

to be a rather amiable configuration of countries, a body that does allow the First and the Third worlds to act in tangent: as it has done in the past against Nigeria, Pakistan and Fiji.

The Commonwealth is probably the only international organisation that expels countries or suspends their membership for violations of democracy, fundamental human rights or the rule of law. These basic tenets of the Commonwealth — its criteria for membership — are contained, in a nice piece of irony, in the Harare Declaration of 1991. Expelling or suspending membership may only be a symbolic act, but it is an act around which broader international action and sanctions of some sort can be built. The EU and the US have already imposed travel bans on Mugabe and his elite, and have targeted their assets held in the West: broad economic sanctions on a country in the state that Zimbabwe is in would be quite literally murderous.

The only thing that came

out of Coolum was a streamlined administrative procedure to deal with Zimbabwe after the election. The present, previous and next CHOGM Chairmen-in-Office — John Howard, President Mbeki of South Africa, and President Obasanjo of Nigeria — will decide on the Commonwealth's response to an adverse Commonwealth election observer group report.

Coolum was very much a case of fiddling while Rome burns, or in this case quaffing champagne (local no doubt — CHOGMs do serve as little advertising fiestas) and making much of the little administrative fiddling that did occur, and of course collecting all the memorabilia, from polo shirts to ties.

Laws passed prior to the election which place strict state controls over the media have just been enacted. There is now an offence of "Abuse of the Freedom of Expression", which includes the use of the mass media with the aim of "denigrating, bringing into hatred or contempt or ridicule or to excite disaffection

against the president, the law enforcement agents or the administration of justice in Zimbabwe". In other words it is now an offence to criticise Mugabe. Failure to comply with the new laws may see journalists imprisoned for up to two years. And foreign journalists are basically excluded from entering or investigating Zimbabwe as journalists. The Commonwealth missed its chance to prove it has any productive reason to exist at Coolum.

The Commonwealth Observer group at the election has now given its judgment on the poll, and condemned the election describing

it as having been conducted in a climate of fear and suspicion. President Mbeki, however, has given qualified support to the election result, saying the voice of the people must be respected. Well quite, but thousands of the people did not get the chance to exercise their voice, and those who did exercise their voice did so in a climate of violence and fear. If the black/white split between African states and the ABCN states solidifies the Commonwealth may prove a neutered body when it comes to Zimbabwe; and the result may be a North versus South response to Zimbabwe that could prove a precedent for future crises. Mugabe's campaign of political violence has claimed an estimate 100 people since it began. At the time Mr Mugabe was sworn in as President, on March 17, reports were filtering through of reprisals against the opposition. The Commonwealth response to the election result, if not strong, could prove terminal and not just for itself.

zimbabwe is an economic basket-case where 8 out of 10 people live in poverty, where 60% of the population is unemployed, where the economy shrank by 7.3% last year and inflation is running at 117%.

sonic(re)animation

With the massive Canberra dance event Satellite just on the horizon, it was the perfect excuse to catch up with the head-line act, sonication. Playing at Stomp not so many months ago, Sonic are heading back to reanimate the Canberra dance scene once more.

Lead-vocalist Rupert Keiller is first off the mark, apologising for any nonsensical answers he gives. But with a jam-packed Aussie tour list that often sees Sonic in a new city every night, his words sound believable. I tentatively ask him what drew him to dance music in the first place and he perks up a little.

"I've always liked repetitive music for some

at festivals the rock-heads were coming over from other stages to see what we doing, and that's the way they dance, you know, push their way to the front and jump up and down and steal each other's shoes, that sort of thing. We quite often have punks or metal-heads come up after the show and say "I fucking hate dance music, but I loved what you guys just did." So I don't know, maybe we don't write dance music. We just are what we are."

Inevitably talk turns to the more controversial side of the dance scene, and Rupert laughingly reveals that he used to be afraid of getting in hot water over songs like 'Love Lies Bleeding', with lyrics such as 'I feel ecstasy'. "I used to be worried about that sort of stuff — I don't know why — but nothing so far has happened." Nevertheless he is reluctant to talk

"I've always liked repetitive music for some reason. How you would figure out why you like repetitive music, I'm not sure. Whether it's something to do with hearing the heartbeat inside the womb, I don't know, it could be something as idiotic as that."

sonication:
rupert keiller (far left) and adrian cartwright (left)



reason. How you would figure out why you like repetitive music, I'm not sure. Whether it's something to do with hearing the heartbeat inside the womb, I don't know, it could be something as idiotic as that."

The conversation moves on Sonic's recent album 'Orchid for the Afterworld', Rupert's input to the music and the down-to-earth inspiration for his lyrics. The explanation for his ideas is humorously straight forward. "I think I don't get enough sleep sometimes! I've always had a stupid sense of humor that makes people feel sick when they come and hang out with us. Adrian (Rupert's partner in crime) has a similar sense of humour which is why we first got on so well."

Similarly straight-forward is his view on Sonic's ability to draw crowds even more diverse than they are wild. He talks of his past surprise at seeing crowd surfing at shows — something rarely seen at raves. "The songs are accessible to a lot of people. When we first started playing

deeply about Sonic's interest in drug culture. "It depends who has that information. Some of these TV shows that really don't get it anyway like to beat it up and talk about how terrible it is, but the reality of the statistics is that the amount of people injured or killed (by ecstasy) is very, very minimal.

"It's like anything, you give someone a bit of information and they just go crazy. People die hand-gliding but you don't get a report every six weeks about how hand-gliding should be banned and how we have to look after hand-gliders."

But Rupert has no illusions about knowing the answer to society's drug problems. "If I knew that I'd be the Prime Minister. I really don't know. It's my belief that just legalising something doesn't mean that everyone is going to go 'great, lets all go shoot up heroin,' but it's a really hard question."

The other thing that annoys him, he tells me, is the bias against dance music in general; the view that it isn't 'real' music. But happily, such prejudices seem to be on the decline. "Five or six years ago we used to get it. We had a 386 computer, and we did a few pub shows where people

sonication taught a generation of both indie kids and ravers how to exercise their vowels with their 1999 single *theophilus thistler*. with a second album under their belt and soon to appear for the third time at major electronic music festival, satellite, they're now considered veterans of the australian dance scene.

craig sinclair talks to one half of the dynamic duo, rupert keiller.

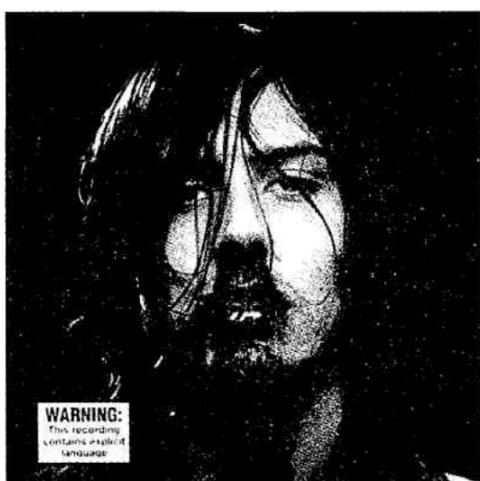
would yell out 'nice one 386!', cos you know, we didn't really do anything, it was all just the computer. There are still some people that hold that view but we don't see it as much because of the kind of shows we play these days. Also we do a lot more live, I do live drums and vocals, and the keyboarding and sequencing is all live too. My granny still doesn't get it though, or she didn't at the start (laughs). Like she's relevant to the conversation. She's a nice lady my Granny — I need to see her more often."

At this point, I start to recognise a hint of the tiredness Rupert had mentioned, and I am sadly informed by his manager that its time to wrap things up. Rupert promises however that Satellite will be anything but tiresome. "Rolley and Theo (Sonic's on-stage mascots) will be there of course. We can't get rid of them. It'll be a pumping night!" If past experience is anything to go by, he won't be wrong.

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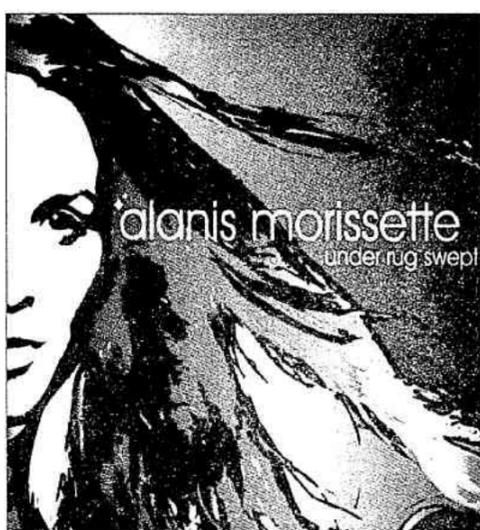
andrew w.k. *I get wet*
leo shanahan



At some time all movements in art experience a phase of unpopularity soon to be resurrected by a new movement which seeks to imitate, half parody and half tribute. Assuming that rock is an art form, then I am going to label Andrew W.K. a neo rocker. Andrew W.K.'s *I Get Wet* has broken rock down to its hard illicit form, its like snorting the sweat from Steve Tyler's bandanna up your nose. I have no doubt that this guy loves rock, but I am inclined to believe there's definitely an air of parody about this man. Especially after reading the story of him appearing on stage with nothing but a CD player and keyboard, (and I don't think the picture of his band on the inside cover could possibly be real). Then again he could just be nuts. Despite all the confusion I think Andrew W.K. is a pretty good singer/song writer. Its hard to take some of his songs seriously with names like "Party Hard", "It's Time

To Party "and *Ready To Die*", but they really are good head banging entertainment. And it isn't pure eighties' rock rip off, there's an eerie electronic feel to this whole album which tells me this album just doesn't seek parody but to evolve rock. Though the word party is used in three of the song names, there is a strange subtlety about his music. "Party Hard", "Girls Own Love" and "Party Til You Puke" are the choice songs for my money. I'm not going to go into a track by track break down, but they all start with hard eighties' guitar riffs, and involve Andrew singing rather quickly. Draw what conclusions you want from this man. He has a broad appeal, wankers like myself want to define him as a neo rocker and guys from Tuggers want to get pissed and dance to him. Andrew W.K. confuses me, and I think I like it.

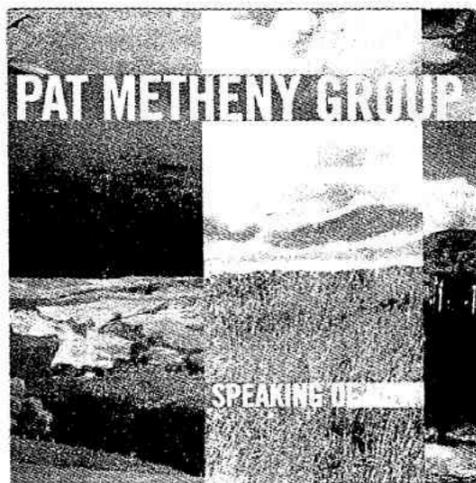
alanis morissette *under rug swept*
merryn spencer



Sleepily luxuriating in a gorgeously coloured jewel-case, Alanis has finally realised that she's getting on a bit. Hence the very direct track titles such as "21 things that I want in a lover". Here we find endless odes to the guys she never got and never wanted in the first place: pretty mama's boys, clean and bright-eyed, floundering around with those bloody cigarettes, boys too smoulderingly sexy for their own good. Another track, "So Unsexy", sounds like something out of a demented self-indulgent thirteen-year-old girl's diary. The chorus lyrics mourn in dubbed harmonisation: "I can feel so unsexy for someone so beautiful / so unloved for someone so fine / I can feel so boring for someone so interesting / so ignorant for someone of sound mind....". Oh Gawd! Please excuse me while I throw up. No one bloody cares about Alanis' light poppy teenish tracks written, ironically, by a woman in her late thirties. I wish I was brave enough to say I

like it, light and airy, the theme of "21 things" reverbs through the whole album...but weighing this against other (worse) lyrics: "you'll rescue me, right?" title: "surrendering" and another (worse) title: "you owe me nothing in return". Verdict: powerful female masquerading as helpless. This art student has better things to do with their time, and that's really saying something. I do adore the jewel-case, though....

pat metheny group *speaking of now*
hr nicholson



Things were getting desperate. Deadline was looming and I had to find a CD to review. It was a choice between the latest Brandy album (aka Moesha) and some jazz album I had never heard of. I chose the latter. I had never heard of Pat Metheny or his apparent group. And before I get any letters from jazz aficionados saying "How could you not know who Pat Metheny is? Everyone knows he's the greatest exponent of late seventies Manhattan fusion jazz since the late great Johnny Tremane," I'm sorry I know nothing about jazz. I do like jazz however, and I like this album. I like jazz because it seems to give a soundtrack to everything. If I was to say this album was a soundtrack to anything it would be the credits to a late seventies sitcom set in New York, possibly involving a teacher and some wise cracking pupils. I think people who understand jazz may be a tad more appreciative of the varying structure of the songs, as

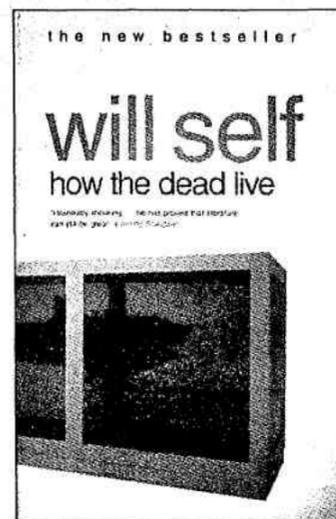
at times it does blur the line between extensive artistic melodies and elevator music. Their use of the keyboard is very cool, as is the ever present trumpets and sax. There's even an appearance of the much talked about electronic trumpet. I probably could have done without Vietnamese lyrics, sung by a member the group. Note to aspiring musicians; just because it's international and sounds really worldly, doesn't mean it sounds any good. Although, at times, there are some quite successful segments of fusion jazz on this album. This group is certainly at their best when they stick to instrumentals. I like this album and the group because of their sincerity and obvious musical ability. Two things the likes of Brandy are sorely lacking.

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will self how the dead live
ben nyguen

I always like references to my own university in books about dead women living in London. In this case it was former ANU anthropology students performing "inauthentic" recreations of aboriginal initiation ceremonies in English Australian-themed restaurants. Canberra's sites also find themselves described: "beyond an artificial lake, which did nothing to ornament the place, stood a parliamentary building with an enormous hypodermic finial poised above it." However, when the book is not dealing with "the pseudo nation's bogus capital" it is more concerned with the life or more particularly the death of a certain Lily Bloom. She's American Jew-hating Jew deposited in London with an English husband she quickly grew to hate and two daughters she grew to resent. (Lily's constant culture shock is particularly well portrayed). After losing her life to cancer, Lily is disappointed to find herself still living in a nondescript London suburb

with the other dead. The living world barely notices the difference; a neighbour only retired five years after he died. Accompanying Lily are an all-singing-all-dancing foetus that had fossilised in her fallopian tube, her dead naked obscene son, three adolescent creatures made of her fluctuating fat, and an Ernie Dingo-esque death-guide from Down Under. Lily's worldview as written by Self can sometimes be a little too much like an obsessive stand-up comic desperate for laughs — everything is material for wry, sarcastic or embittered observations. On top of this the world of the dead often comes across as too much of an exercise in the bizarre. However the book still offers an enjoyable portrayal of an extreme inability to deal with death. The strongest chapters are those of Lily on her deathbed, ruminating on her past and the rituals being carried on around her.



les carlyon gallipoli
sam pietsch

Journalist Les Carlyon has succeeded in presenting an accessible account of the Gallipoli campaign, a significant achievement given that the book runs to nearly 550 pages of often highly technical information. The author skillfully intermingles personal narratives and political analysis with statistics and detailed accounts of battles. He also discusses his personal impressions of visiting the battlefields, while managing to avoid mere sentimentalism. However, this readability also reveals the fundamental flaw of the work. Carlyon is well aware that Gallipoli has become obscured by myth, yet he is never quite sure whether he is attempting to penetrate the rhetoric, or reinforce it. Some popular misconceptions are confronted, for instance that the British troops got off lightly. Yet for the most part the official myth remains. Carlyon presents the familiar image of Australian soldiers as being set apart from other nationalities by their supposedly superior bravery, ability and comradeship. Failures of Australian troops or officers are largely excused, and are in any case seen as insignificant compared to their overall

magnificent efforts. Meanwhile, British officers are frequently reduced to caricatures whose stupidity results in death for thousands of Australians. Class conflict within the Australian army, which in reality was sometimes pronounced, is dismissed as insignificant compared to divisions amongst the British. Carlyon fails to critically engage with his sources, especially when drawing on conservative historians such as C.W. Bean and Geoffrey Blainey. Conversely, he has not even considered views which challenge the Anzac orthodoxy. Worse, Gallipoli is considered only as an isolated campaign. Hence the slaughter appears to be the fault of a few incompetent generals and politicians, and not the result of an expansionist war in which Australia invaded another country. Given this blinkered approach, it is hard to view the campaign as anything other than the epic tragedy which Carlyon presents. Such a view fails to address the layers of ideology surrounding Gallipoli, or allow a critical examination of an important historical event.



kathy reichs fatal voyage
alison locke

Fatal Voyage is the fourth book by Kathy Reichs told through the eyes of Temperance Brennan. Temperance (Tempe) is a forensic anthropologist, who often finds herself unexpectedly deep in the middle of a terrible tragedy. She is intelligent and successful, and very good at her job. This story begins at the scene of a plane crash. Tempe is sent to identify the victims, but the coincidental discovery of a severed foot which doesn't belong to any of the plane crash victims brings forth a new mystery. She finds a deserted house, deep in the woods, and on a hunch works to find some connection with the foot, all the while finding more questions than answers. Allegations about her professional conduct are made, making it even harder for her to discover the truth. She doesn't give up, and with the help of her friend and love interest, Detective Andrew Ryan, she uncovers a sinister mystery. The book is well researched, with an emphasis on the scientific elements

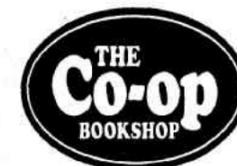
of Tempe's job. It explains how the forensic scientists are able to draw conclusions and make estimates (time of death, etc) from the dead bodies they uncover. Reichs also goes in to great detail, explaining the administration system of the forensic team and police, which I found quite boring and unnecessary, but, again, well researched. After reading another book by Kathy Reichs, *Death Du Jour*, I was surprised at how many similarities there were in various aspects of the plot between both books. It was disappointing to realise that part of the suspense and fear Kathy Reichs is able to create comes out of a formulaic style. Nevertheless it is a good read, with many unexpected twists that make it very hard to put down.



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a beautiful mind, ron howard
will tse

A Beautiful Mind, directed by Ron Howard (*Ed TV*, *Apollo 13*, *Far and Away*), spans nearly 50 years of John Nash Jr's life, from being a Princeton student of mathematics, to his teaching days where he meets his future wife Alicia, to his becoming involved in secret US versus Russia Defence business during the Cold War, his battle with severe mental illness, and up to the present Nobel Prize-winning day. The journey is dramatic and, in this Oscar season, long — though worthy. Russell Crowe is at his best in this lead role, portraying Nash who is a sufferer of paranoid schizophrenia. The depictions of the man's intellect, the sparks that lead to the development of his game theory, the Nash equilibrium, is enough to rouse and inspire any maths student. The supporting performance by Jennifer Connelly as Alicia is perfect.

A review of this film at this time would probably not be complete without addressing the issue regarding the truthfulness and accuracy of the film. Nash is a real person. Some sources say that he had some same-sex

flings and broke up with then remarried his wife, neither of which events are featured in this film. And according to our Russ's portrayal, Nash was/is deficient of tact, politeness, and short sentences. So, if you want the truth complete and unchanged, then don't see this film. Personally, I doubt that anyone really cared in the first place. The producers admit to fictionalising Nash's life, so there are some artistic adjustments, and truth be told, most lives are pretty boring if fictionalising biographies didn't take place to some extent.

What is not new here is the theme. Stories of the troubled genius who triumphs over adversity are not new. We've seen it in films like *Rain Man*, *Good Will Hunting*, *Shine*, and *Babe*. And I like this one just as much as those classics.

gosford park, robert altman
marla the tumour

The English-country-estate-hunting-party-weekend-murder-mystery became a cliché even as the near-reality existed. It's a well-established literary genre, one which is arguably the last resort for authors suffering from writers' block. No need for character development when you can just throw a party in the first scene and thus complete all your introductions efficiently. This circumvents the need for us to learn about Lady Gertrude's opium habit or Lord Hyslop's affairs care of well placed twitches or teary-eyed scullery maids: no, all of this can be explained over a gossiping cup of tea in the parlour.

Not so Gosford Park. The clichés are all there: film stars, upstart Americans, loveless marriages, grand dames on a budget. The servants are known by their employer's title and sit according to that person's rank when they take — a somewhat hasty — tea in the kitchen. But this is not your run of the mill "the-butler-in-the-pantry-with-the-candlestick" type mystery. Nor is this a one-dimensional story. What Altman has produced

is a multi-faceted film, one which introduces you into a world of perfect servants, cocktails and grotesque fox furs only to leave you with a reality which is somewhat more complex.

This is a film which exists on many levels. Whether it's Kristen Scott Thomas realising that "well, I suppose life must go on" immediately post-murder, or Maggie Smith objecting that "I haven't got a snobbish bone in my body", it captures that delightful sense of entitlement so characteristic of the British establishment. For perhaps the first fifteen minutes the film is enjoyable, albeit superficial. However, it doesn't take long for the intrigues occurring both above and below stairs to become apparent. Not to be confused with other dodgy flapper-costume-dramas, this is a film with definite snob value as well as lefty-social-justice cred. Especially worthwhile for the striking performances from Helen Mirren and *Trainspotting's* Kelly McDonald which more than compensate for Ryan Phillippe's truly appalling appearance. Simply spiffing darling.

ali, michael mann
lauryn wiegand

Ali is not among the stronger brethren of biopics that come along every once in a while. The film, under its highly stylised surface of "less is more" — (notice the hand-held camera and use of natural light) — is a mere plodding examination of the life of Muhammed Ali. It's decidedly low-key for a docudrama about the legendary heavyweight boxing champion, who some consider to be the greatest athlete that ever lived.

If you arrive with the expectation this film will capture some shred of the euphoria felt upon seeing this guy in action you will not be disappointed. The boxing sequences are utterly involving but they are few and far between. Most of the film is occupied with exemplifying Ali's convictions as a Muslim/pacifist which renders this film badly paced. At just over two and a half hours running time, director Michael Mann's (*The Insider*, *Heat*) chronicling of Ali's life tends to deliberate on Ali's history as somewhat of a civil rights libertarian/conscientious objector and rush

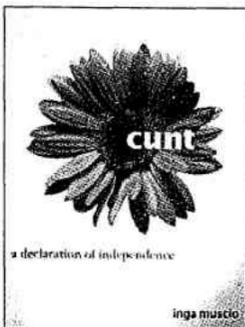
through his personal life — his first two marriages for example. It's almost as if they were simply detours in the story in which to put the obligatory sex scenes so the producers would piss off for a while. Consequently there is nothing new here and the result is a film in which the audience can barely participate.

Mann's *Ali* as a meshing of doco-style footage with the usual Hollywood trimmings (killer soundtrack, box office star drawcard) is only really saved by the latter. If it weren't for the highly charismatic and lively performance from Will Smith as Ali and John Voight as the wonderfully enigmatic sports caster, Howard Cosell, this film would be extremely tedious. Buy a large popcorn.

cunt by inge muscio

miranda tetlow

This book is catchy, it's feisty and it's all grrl power, but the title *Cunt* is likely to take people at least slightly unawares, even if they have been celebrating menstrual blood and playing in all female drumming circles for years. Yet, as author Inge Muscio is at pains to point out, for all the current derogatory connotations that the word can contain for many (if not most) people today, 'cunt' originally was a title for women, and not a negative one either. According to Muscio, the word cunt is related to words from India, China, Ireland, Rome and Egypt, and "such words were either titles of respect for women, priestesses and witches, or derivatives of the names of various goddesses", while the word 'vagina' originates from a word meaning sheath for a sword.



fresh look at the madonna/whore debate, stereotypes, acrimony amongst women, rape, sexual pleasure, abortion, menstruation and self defence, and the results are humorous, inspiring and thought provoking. There's also plenty of practical advice on how to fuck over the patriarchy. Use a sea sponge over a tampon. As Muscio says, "Why the *flying fuck* should a woman have to *paysome* huge corporation over and over because the lining of her uterus naturally, *biologically* sheds every month?". Spend a year reading only women writers, watching only films produced by female directors, and looking only at art created by women. Actively support politicians who recognise and observe the needs and demands of women. Do what you have to do to be safe, even if it means moving away from some one on a bus and appearing impolite, and learn self defence.

In places, *Cunt* is simplistic, and like any manifesto on womanhood, you're probably not going to agree with everything she says. But if you're over impenetrable critical theory and are looking for something that's personal, courageous and opinionated, this is your book.

Cunt is an example of writing at its most vivacious, anecdotal and fiery, but most of all it's just plain good fun. Muscio cites a range of authors, personalities and characters, from Pippi Longstocking to militant feminist Valerie Solanas, in her etymological and society based explorations of cunts, sexuality and female experiences. The book gives a

masters of the universe annual 1986

leo shanahan

From all accounts 1986 was a good year. Bob Hawke was Prime Minister and Parramatta were winning the football. However for myself and a great deal many other five year-olds living in suburban Sydney, He-Man was the only thing that mattered. When I found this annual at an undisclosed location I felt I had to steal it, for no sane individual would consider selling it. As I eagerly thumbed the pages of this book, some increasingly disturbing aspects of He-Man and the Masters of the Universe were coming to light. There was of course the appallingly bad and downright confusing narrative. This was evidently a book not just written for five year olds, but written by them: "So you came here after all," smiled Skeletor, rage in his eyes. "I must have underestimated you, He-Man. But who wouldn't, seeing you?" He looked him over scornfully, as one would an alien creature which is not as intelligent as it might be." This didn't bother me, as you never really read He-Man, you watched the cartoon.



grown quite fond of. The good guys depicted as blond-haired, blue-eyed Aryans with big muscles and large breasts. The goodies are lead by Prince Adam (aka He-Man) who wins the prize for the most piss-weak disguise which consists of changing vests. He is joined by Teela, who, in a five year old's Freudian slip, I would refer to as Shela. The bad guys were consistently of dark colour, pure evil and lead by Skeletor. As far as homoerotic goes, well He-Man is an unmarried, muscle-bound guy with long blond hair who hangs around with a lot of other muscle-bound, unmarried, men: enough said. None of this worries me however because I have not turned out muscle-bound, blond-haired or blue-eyed. The only genuinely disturbing aspect of my He-Man reawakening, however, is the blatant commercial nature of it all. I used to think it was mere coincidence that He-Man liked several modes of transport and several kinds of vests and would meet a new ally every week. No, he didn't have good taste in cars and clothes, it was all to sell toys. My childhood memories are the product of some fuckwit Mattel Toys executive who probably had a really bad 1986 ponytail. Oh well, what can I say? Ignorance is bliss.



There were also a great deal of sexist, racist and homoerotic undertones, which I've not only become quite used to in children's cartoons but



"how do you respond to allegations that you are, in fact, a cunt?"

woroni consults the uni bar to test whether 'cunt' has been reclaimed or not... (participants' responses may have been affected by alcohol)

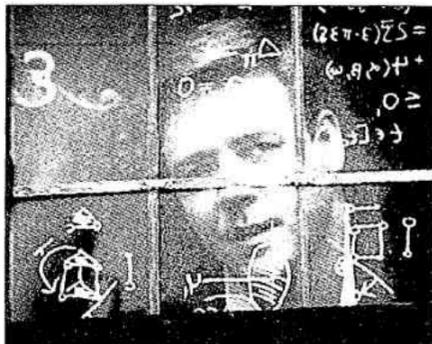
"The headline should read, "Satan calls Canberra man 'cunt'."
 "I think you are looking through the world with rose tinted glasses."
 "It's true. I admit it now. How did you people find me? I've been dodging the media glare for years now..."
 "How do you know Priscilla (my ex)?"

"Of course I am. I'm a cunt, and proud of it."
 "Isn't everyone accepting these allegations these days?"
 "No comment."
 "It's lies, all lies."
 And finally, our favourite response...
 "I'm not just a cunt, I'm a fucking cunt."

modern manners for modern times #2

piggy moss on: the perils of genius

Hollywood, that great travesty of the cinematic art, is yet again fixated upon obscure and socially inept geniuses. These men may not know how to hold a teacup but their minds are party to the secrets of the universe and it is this, apparently, which makes them superior to those who actually deserve to be lauded for their devotion to the craft of diverting dinner time banter. Recently the release of *A Beautiful Mind* has suggested that dallying with a mathematical genius is a sublime romantic experience. But I protest, my friends, that such individuals are gauche, inept and incomprehensible when it comes to witty repartee over cocktails. When I was but an undergraduate at Oxford I embarked on a fling — the like of which I have never flung before or since — with a Mathematics PhD from the other place, Cambridge. But it all ended in tears and gin when I realised that whilst I — the delicate creature that I was — could tolerate his use of obscure algorithms when tipping waiters, I could simply not abide his habit of applying statistical models to that which occurs within



the sanctum of the bedroom (study, balcony, greenhouse or billiards room, for that matter). These were things which no self-respecting bluestocking could tolerate.

This seems to be way with genius. AND they are forever destroying perfectly good linen when, struck by

an epiphany, they simply cannot take the time to find some notepaper. Instead they scribble with indigo ink on tablecloths in their desire to predict the stockmarket, or they make themselves

intent on causing extra work for the help when they take to the drawing room windows with chalk in an attempt to revolutionise economic theory.

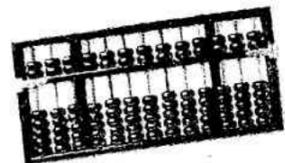
Ladies, enough is enough. Instead of playing second fiddle to these pagans of propriety let us declare war on their haphazard ways and turn their genius to more relevant issues. Take my advice and use the following algorithms: etiquette has never been so intellectual.

simple equations for modern living — use with abandon

- 1) time that may be politely spent in a cafe = $\frac{(\# \text{ coffees consumed})^2 + (\# \text{ other menu items})^3}{(\% \text{ charm expressed by staff} \times \% \text{ quality of reading material})}$
- 2) optimal time to spend at a party = $\left(\frac{\# \text{ awkward conversations}}{\# \text{ exuberant conversations}} \times \text{total party population} \right) \times \Phi$

where Φ = quality of music on a sliding scale (1-10)

- 1: depressed boy + angry girl music
- 5: kylie + britney (rank conditional on satirical motive for ownership of record. playing of this music in earnest results in a re-ranking of 0.1)
- 10: hip funk fusion complete with 'live' dj.



vintage calculator: perfect for assistance in mental arithmetic.

cunt

It's been a great start to the new year and many thanks must go to our awesome Social Officer, Dana and her team of O Week directors, Emily and Madeline. I'm sure few of you will disagree when I say that this has been one of the most successful O Weeks in recent years. During and since O Week, we've had a steady stream of people walking through the doors of the SA which has been fantastic to see. I encourage more of you to come up for a free diary or another showbag or to browse through our second hand bookstore. Meanwhile, my representational role has seen many issues come up in the last few weeks. First and foremost has been the accommodation crisis in Canberra. This year saw a record enrolment of tertiary students in the ACT and there has therefore been a simultaneous boom in demand for housing and a skyrocketing of rent. Students have been caught in the middle and found it impossible to find accommodation either on or off campus. The SA has advocated a number of short and long term solutions. In the short term, if you are a student who is in temporary housing, you can apply to the University for a guarantee. Agents often ask students for references, but if you've just moved out of home, you may not have one. The University is therefore willing to guarantee your rent. This means that if you

fall into arrears, the University will pay the rent for you, but you must pay the University back within a month or your enrolment next semester could be jeopardised. If you have any questions, please talk to University Accommodation Services or come and see me about any of the issues above. In the long term, the SA will continue pushing for a new residence to be built for ANU students. With O Week also comes the annual student fight with administration. I have had many complaints about the problematic administration over the past few weeks including waiting up to five hours for student cards. I have taken this up with the Director of Student Administration and we are working on ways to avoid the same problem next year. Among the solutions I have proposed is a one stop shop where bricks/parking/HECS/GSF etc can be paid for and picked up in the one place. I will pursue this over the next few months. The issue of part-time parking has also become a crucial point again. Last year, we had a net gain of approximately 400 permit parking spaces with the building of the Baldessin Precinct Parking Station. However, this did not do much to alleviate the problem for part-time students who are generally

unable to apply for a permit for campus parking. There are however, a number of exemptions from this rule including if part time students are approaching a full load either at the ANU or in conjunction with another university or because of particular personal and/or medical reasons that have prevented them from being full time students. I will continue to try to find better alternatives for part time students, but in the meantime, if you have further concerns, please let me know. And yes, with the new year also comes the call for submissions on a range of other problems that might be concerning you. Since 2000, the Students' Association has produced an annual Students' Charter. The Charter is a detailed list of student needs and is essentially a document that states the mandate for the Students' Association for the coming year. I present the document to all levels of the University, including the Vice Chancellor and ask the University to answer to those demands. In the past, the Students' Charter has been a standing item on many of the University committees and regular reports have been given to the Students' Association about its demands. So I encourage you to let us know of ideas you may have to improve the Univer-

sity or problems you may be facing. There are green submission papers at the front desk of the Students' Association or come and talk to me at any of the free SA BBQs in Union Court throughout the year. Another document that is also now being circulated is a document called 'Preparing Ourselves'. The document is the Vice-Chancellor's vision of what the ANU should become. It is an important document because it will set the goals for the University in the next ten years and will help us to consolidate ourselves as a leading University. So if you're interested, please email me and ask for a copy or come up to the Students' Association where copies will be available. There are so many things happening and so many ways to get your voice heard. I would really encourage any of you to let me know directly or through the Students' Charter about problems you may be facing with the University or the SA. Remember that I'm contactable on sa.president@student.anu.edu.au and that my office is above the Commonwealth Bank if you'd rather tell me in person.

Joanne Yin
SA President

enviro.collective@student.anu.edu.au
First up, we have free desks for students. We're trying to recycle office furniture, and we've ended up with a whole bunch of desks and things, plus endless stacks of re-useable office stationery. Please come into the office to get some of the stationery, or email us if you want to get hold of desks, or you have some you want to get rid of. No chairs yet.
So, we're off.
The enviro collective has been starting up for the last few weeks, in traditional collective fashion. The idea with a collective is that there is an egalitarian group of people, there are no ranks, no chair and a lot of respect for each other's views. I am writing this report as environment officer, but all that job means is that I do my best to co-ordinate the paperwork and the boring parts of the collective administration, so that everyone else can have maximum fun.
We had a meeting. We will have more.
The most important thing that we decided was that every Tuesday at 6pm we are going to meet to discuss collective issues, while we keep our hands busy sorting out recycled paper for the Recycled Lecture pads. Pizza will be provided by ANUGreen, the uni's campus greening program. Let's run through that deal again: you turn up, we feed you, we plan environmental actions, and you also get to participate in doing green stuff immediately. The first major meeting, on Tuesday 12th of March, saw mostly new people attend. We now have a treasurer, and the start of an idea about where our money might be spent this year. That will probably be the largest meeting. For here on the collective tends to split up into a bunch of smaller groups doing separate campaigns...the environment is complicated enough without us all trying to do all of it.
We went camping.
The Collective had its first camp — a

your enviro collective loves you

journey down to the coastal bush at Monga State Forest, where we hung around and talked and drank and played in the depths of the logging area, in an unspoilt section of forest under threat from logging. Noone chained themselves to anything — it was just about appreciating the forest for itself.
We are also organising expeditions to old-school forest blockades. In particular, if someone wants to go to Victoria, they can get some forestry experience at the less-fun end. Australia's longest-running (five year) forest blockade was broken at the start of March, and activists from all over Australia are going to prop up the campaign — including some ANU students.
Environments aren't just trees.
We have other campaigns on the boil too. For a start, we want to get involved in the urban environment. ANU student Kate is producing installation artwork made from reclaimed junk materials for the city centre, we're making headway in looking at the planning of the ACT — and now we want to look at the environmental planning of the ANU itself. We are looking at improving public transport, providing more community input to the places we live...
More camps coming up.
The next one we hope to organise is the one to Woomera in South Australia, home to indigenous land disputes, highly nasty Uranium mines, and a bunch of refugee centres. If you want to go out to see what the situa-



The Students' Association has been working on a range of measures designed to make ANU more reactive to student needs. There are three ways that you can communicate with the university to have your voice heard.
The first is the student charter. Started in 2000 the student charter is a document presented to the Vice Chancellor which outlines a series of problems identified by students. In the past, this form of lobbying has proved to be very successful; both the freezing of faculty debt and the extension of library opening hours are examples of this.
The second method is a series of forums across all faculties that the Students' Association will be facilitating. This idea was started in the Law Faculty last year and both staff and students found the experience rewarding and an avenue for positive con-

readin, ritin, rithmetic

sultative change. It is really important that you turn up to these forums as it is a way of having your voice heard. The third method lies in proposed changes to accountability and quality enhancement structures within the university. Such changes relate to the survey and feedback forms provided by CEDAM at the conclusion of teaching in most courses. This information is vital for staff being able to identify problems with their style of teaching and in the future look for ways in which to overcome such difficulties. Most staff are genuinely interested in hearing about ways in which your education could be improved and are more than happy to listen to constructive criticism. These avenues will provide students with more choice in having their voice heard on campus.
Alternatively, if you don't feel comfortable with any of these options you can pop in for a chat or email me at: sa.education@student.anu.edu.au.



Andrew Jory
SA Education Officer

tion is with all these issues, and perhaps do something about it, we will be heading out this Easter to check the place out. Phone us up, join the convoy. Also, it works out quite nicely if you want to go and see Stereolab play in Melbourne on the way there.
We're writing a book about it.
As satisfying as it is to be involved in direct action, and saving particularly beautiful bits of forest, or whatever, it's here in the cities where most of us live that the problem is. It's crucial to realise that all the other campaigns that we run are linked into what we do in the city, and what we demand as consumers, how we live our lives. So the collective is producing a Green Guide this year for ANU, and hope-

fully for all of the ACT. We want it to be a free resource to help us as concerned people live our life more sustainably — and easily. We want it to be choc-full of tips about responsible buying of products, how to save money by being green, and how to get involved in the environment in the ACT.
So, you are invited to join in. If you want to write an article for our book, and get published in a run of several thousand, send it in to us. Get famous. Or failing that, just turn up to the collective office and ask what's going down. We have a nice office, with brown cushions in it.
Dan(iel) MacKinlay
SA Environment Officer

queer as fuck

The Sexuality Department has kicked off 2002 in a big way, with a great O-week. The queer bar crawl was excellent, market day was fantastic, with a huge turnout (thankyou to everyone who helped out with the stall) and the queer 'all-day' brunch was very laid-back and enjoyable. Jellybabies has already held its annual general meeting and elected a fabulous new committee, while the karaoke night was much fun (and embarrassment, of course). Things don't look like slowing down either! From **April 8th to 13th**, the department will be staging the second ever **ANU Pride Week**. While the program has yet to be finalised, some of the events which are being planned include a BBQ, queer trivia night, sex ed talks, film night, disco/rock'n bowling and another 'all-day' brunch. Keep an eye out for advertising closer to Pride Week or contact the Sexuality Department for more details.

The Queer Collective has also started holding its fortnightly meetings, with a temporary time of **Wednesdays at 1pm**, down in the Queer Space (scheduled for **March 27th and April 10th**). Come along and share your ideas about what the department could and should be doing for lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgendered students. All suggestions are welcome. Of course, political stuff is always important. In the past week, the ACT government has appeared to back away from plans to introduce same-sex civil unions, and just last night the (dis)honourable Senator Heffernan launched what I consider an extremely homophobic and vitriolic attack against gay High Court Judge Michael Kirby. To find out how to respond to such stupidity, drop by the Sexuality Department in the Students' Association.

Finally, I would like to encourage everyone to go along to the **Options for Women/Decriminalise Choice Abortion** rally at the Legislative Assembly on **Tuesday April 9th**, starting at **12:30pm**.

You can reach the Sexuality Department via telephone **6125 8514**, email: sexdep@student.anu.edu.au or drop by the office in the Students' Association.

Alastair Lawrie
SA Sexuality Officer

Hey Kiddies! This is the longest social report in the history of social reports...

O-Week was cool.

So for all of you who were too cool to attend the events but cool enough to read the Social Officers rant...

Monday arvo was Carnival Day. Featuring food-a-plenty (BBQ, Sno Cones, Beer, Nachos, chocolate from the Commonwealth Bank...) as well as competitions and the Canberra Raiders courtesy of Ozemail as well as a Stick-Up Wall, infrequently inflated Jumping Castle and a Tornado ride the day was absolutely HUGE! A totally fantastic turnout heralded the start of a big week for ANU students. Also, apparently people vomited. If you did congratulations, I like your style.

Tuesday can pretty much be summed up by the question "Do you have any Bar Crawl Tix left? Are you sure???" It warms my heart to know that in the first day of sales we managed to run out of all 400 Bar Crawl tickets with enough interest to probably sell another 400. With all tickets sold out and enough well wishers ANU made a solid commitment to drinking in style, and in volume. We kicked off at Uni Bar at 4:30 and were still going strong 8 1/2 hours and 9 bars later

in Insomnia. The great thing about the Bar Crawl, however, was that everyone on it was having such a great time with excellent costumes and heaps of dancing the night was a smash. Also, no-one died or got arrested which pleased me immensely.

Tuesday, the day itself, was dedicated to sporting and eating prowess with Uni Ave Games Day and International Food Fair. Both of these attracted heaps of people and were great fun (as well as filling).



get a life

Wednesday (aka Bar Crawl Recovery Day) was Market Day and seemed to be attended by every student, except for the ones stuck in enrolment lines all day. With lovely weather and heaps of stalls the day ran like a dream. If you are still interested in joining clubs then check out club details, coming soon to a Students' Association near you.

Thursday was Beer-A-Mid Challenge day. We started at 10am and the day was highlighted by eggs, poking, water, eggs, arse-dancing, sausages, more eggs, mystery concoctions, vomit soggy bread, and 'I love beer' poetry. The comp was won, some 91/2 hours later, by Paul Calvert and a bladder that knew no bounds.

Thursday night featured more hyphenated name glory with Bad Taste Dance-A-Rama. What can be said? Heaps of people, heaps of costumes, heaps of trashy pop music, heaps of fun...

Friday had stuff on that I didn't organise, so I slept and ate. I hope all the things that were on this day went well. The Essential Thanks...

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In no particular order.

Barber, Simon Barber. Housemate and predecessor who has not only tolerated me for the last few months but also organised O-Week 2001 so well that it made my job unimaginably easier.

Michelle 'Yes, the Bar Crawl is sold out. Really' McWilliam. She knows stuff, thinks of more stuff, is always cheery and deals with carnies good. Which doesn't even begin to describe how essential she was for O-Week preparations and operations.

Emily 'momo equipped' Byrne and Madeleine Moss, O-Week Directors of coolness. Here's to tears, corn thins, giggles and fun. You know how much I love you.

Andrew Jory for long summer days in the SA, executive lunches, for getting less sleep than me and still doing the BBQ. Essentially anyone who gets up at 5am to lift heavy tables for you can be nothing less than fantastic.

Jo Yin, provider of the comfiest floor in the world as well as great ideas, a T-Shirt delivering boyfriend (thanks to Pete too,) and heaps of hugs.

Tom and Dave, they did stuff that I asked them to, when I needed them to, pretty invaluable to my mind.

Lucy and Nadia, if people volunteer to staff a Bar Crawl then they are great. If they also offer to staff Bad Taste Dance-A-Rama as well then they are awesome. Enough said.

Specific names aside now for the list could be endless. So, cheers to anyone who donned a red shirt just to help me out, especially to anyone who helped on a BBQ or stuffed a showbag. These jobs are formally known as the crappiest jobs eva and anyone who does them is a great person.

Peter from the Uni Bar, for helping to organise the free beer and generally being great to work with. John from Acton Supermarket for being super-helpful with the BBQ's and for organising the tasty treats in the showbags. These two guys are tops, beyond tops.

Finally, generic thanks to anyone that I spoke to between December and March. Chances are I was vague or cranky or nasty or rude or insane. Sorry for that.

So in summary, O-Week was cool, people who helped were extra cool. Keep an eye on the SA Notice Board in the Refec for further social details such as BBQ's and Bush Week. Otherwise enjoy the start of classes...

Dana Quick
SA Social Officer

IMPOSTER FOR HIRE

Too trashed to attend compulsory tutorials? Totally unprepared for that final exam? NO WUCKERS!!! I'll take your place for a fee! Men, women, tall, short... I can do them all!! Unpleasant confrontations with the Dean, excruciating dental appointments, colonoscopies! Allow me to take your place!!!!!! As long as I get \$249 BEFORE APRIL 30 TO SCORE MICROSOFT OFFICE XP PROFESSIONAL AT UP TO 80% OFF!!! Find me at the campus bookstore impersonating an employee (who's currently in Bali).

Well, with O-week over and lectures well and truly beginning, our thoughts turn to diversion from the mundane academic existence we pretend to lead. In the Women's Department, apart from the usual happenings (ie the re-arranging of stationary and making those awesome badges you all took) we are providing activities aplenty.

*A radio collective is being started, for all interested women who want to participate in 2xx's program "Women with attitude" and others. For more information, see me in the office, check out the notice board in the office or phone Tanya at 2xx.

*The Women's collective will be meeting regularly to discuss campaigns, projects, issues and film nights, so read your e-mail or check the S.A.

door for meeting times.

If you haven't joined the e-group, just e-mail me on sa.womens@anu.edu.au and I'll put you on.

*An idea being floated around the department is having a monthly newsletter, to inform everyone about what's going on in the department generally, as well

as involving as many women as possible. If you want to contribute or just want to get involved in lay-out (please!), graphics, photocopying or distribution e-mail me, drop in or come to a collective meeting.

*Although Women in Education Week is almost 6 months away, you can never be too prepared. So in an

effort to prevent mass sickness of the editors, we are calling for contributions to the awesome, kick-ass handbook that is produced every year. Articles, poems, essays, opinion pieces, anything! Just e-mail them to the dept. drop them off in the office or

cunninglinguist

bring them to a collective meeting.

Of course this is only a small sample of the stuff we're doing this year so to stay informed, get on the e-group, drop on in or ring me in the office.

Last but not least, the **Options for Women** campaign, to decriminalise abortion is still in full swing. On market day in O-week we had 125 letters of support for Wayne Berry's legisla-

tion which have been sent out to MLA's. The fight is no where near over, with anti-choice, misogynistic, oppressive upstarts spouting their rhetoric about the responsibilities of women. So if you support the rights of women to privacy, security of person and freedom of religion, sign a form letter, write your own letter, ring your local MLA and join the campaign to decriminalise choice and defend women's right to choose.

There is a rally on the **9th April** outside the **Legislative Assembly** at **12:30pm** in support of Berry's bill so please be there.

Contact the office at sa.womens@anu.edu.au or Ph - 6125 9868.

Nadia Docrat
SA Women's Officer



THE 'STRINE

FISH 'N' CHIP WRAPPING OF THE YEAR

83% of Australians think polls are a crock of shit. Vote now and have your say!



Local klutz falls for last time



Mugabe claims world #2 despot ranking. Tells world #1 Hussein, "Your ass is mine"



Blair offers more rhetoric in protest

Howard announces Australian Torture League (ATL)

Henrietta Cactus

The Howard government has announced a new initiative inspired by the astounding success of the AFL v League charity boxing match; the Australian Torture League (ATL). Promising to raise vast amounts of money for the High Anglican relief fund, the league will feature such esteemed organizations as the Department of Immigration (DIMA), Centrelink, Air New Zealand, Forestry faculty of the ANU, the Army — the Edge, and Pat Rafter's Starlight foundation. The first round this week will feature two of the favourites for the title Ruddock's rag heads from DIMA and Vanstone's Vagabond and Vegetable all sorts from Centrelink.

Already many problems have been overcome for the first round slugfest between dôle-bludging smackheads and middle-eastern queue-jumping refos. Tony Abbot, master of ceremonies, stated that, "While the refos will be unable to wear mouthguards (due to creative needlework), this will be more that compensated for by the inability of the smackies to move without listening to the trainspotting soundtrack - and the fact that 90 per cent are starving single mothers."

The night promises to provide an electrifying extravaganza of entertainment, with Nicky Webster to sing the national anthem before flying to Zimbabwe to count votes in the

general election. Inside sources report that Mugabe's nephew is very fond of both Strawberry Kisses and Peter Hollingworth. Hollingworth, by a strange coincidence, will bless the evening's slugfest as "moral and proper", before retiring for the evening to play bridge and nude twister with Janette Howard. Peter McCoy and the Waterhouse family will be running a book over the night, exclusively for members of the McCoy and Waterhouse family.

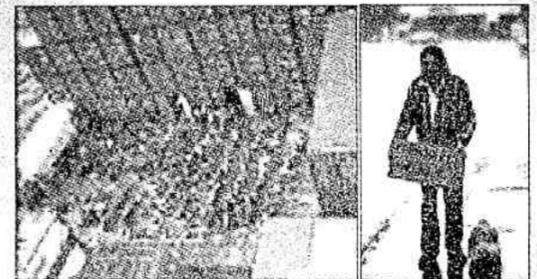
Vanstone believes they have strong chance of winning the league, "I've already trained many Centrelink staff in the arts of whipping, sedating, and teasing welfare recipients, which will

hold them in good stead for the many and varied disciplines of the League." Ruddock retorted, "If the smackies are half as fat as Amanda, then they're in a world of pain. My refos float like the Tampa, and sting like barbed wire."



Refugees are lining up from Bangkok to Jakarta to beat up other poor people

Pre-Season Standings							
	S	AS	NB	SV	IF	PTS	
Centerlink	4	2	23	300	1	330	KEY
DIMA	0	26	99	122	5	252	S = Suicide
Aboriginal Affairs	98	23	3	12	0	136	AS = Attempted Suicide
Anglican Church	1	0	0	0	134	135	NB = Nervous Breakdown
Air New Zealand	0	10	106	8	2	126	SV = Starving
Forestry Faculty	0	0	0	0	34	34	IF = Inappropriate Fondling
Pat Rafter	0	0	0	0	0	0	



Special Paedophile Witch Hunt Report

AMBLA "behind" their G-G

Borgia Ginz

The Australian Man Boy-Love Association (or AMBLA), a peak paedophile lobby group, has come out in support of besieged Governor General, Dr. Hollingworth.

In a poison-pen press-release, which has yielded little forensic evidence, the group's leader stated that, "We commend Dr. Hollingworth's candid recognition that children have the capacity, and by implication the right, to enjoy

of their choice. Dr. Hollingworth has revealed that he is a progressive social thinker. He is the ideal Australian Governor-General"

The Governor General has also received support from Seth "Baby" Jagger, a convicted child pornographer and co-author of "The Lengths We'll Take: Understanding Loved Boys and Boy-Lovers". "While, recruiting for my dirty pictures ring, I often

looked up the people I had molested decades previously," he said. "I'm glad that the G-G has recognised the importance of relationships between and

Jagger added that Hollingworth was qualified for the G-G's job, "His job is to never dismiss anyone...clearly there could be no better candidate."



Dr Hollingworth (above) was elated to hear of AMBLA's support

Heffernan stands firm in face of conspiracy revelations

Borgia Ginz

The world-wide homosexual conspiracy which secretly runs Australia's parliaments, judiciary, police force, and pop music industry, has destroyed the political career of renowned bigot Senator Heffernan, who accused Justice Michael Kirby of soliciting rent-boys.

Senator Heffernan continues to cite the statement by Kristen Bjorn, despite recent revelations. "It was all our work," claimed Bjorn, Grand Octopussy of the Supreme Homosexual Council, a fully owned subsidiary of the Elders of Zion International Conspiracy of Jewish Bankers (EZICJB). "We dressed in wigs and judicial robes, we took the photos, we posted them to Heffy. It's curtains and mini-blinds for that legislator! What a set up!"

Senator Heffernan stood by his accusations. "I represent that element of the Liberal Party which has never really managed to distinguish child abuse from

homosexuality," he claimed. "Ever since I revealed the truth about Kirbs," he said, "their agents have waged an incessant campaign of oppression, following my children to school, asking my old Grammar housemaster for the photographs, picketing my house and doing the 'YMCA'."

Franka Arena, the Tina Arena of paedophile conspiracy theories, has sent a message of support to the besieged senator. "I myself have seven boxes of papers which implicate the High Court, the New South Wales parliament, the Illuminati and the Pope in an enormous plot, united by sodomitical perversion and the common ownership of kept boys." Marc, an ANU Student crossed in love, voiced his disappointment at the affair. "I've been trying to join the homosexual Jewish Catholic Communist conspiracy for years, but Kirby, Phelps, Brown, Bob Down, they won't return my calls."

Senator quits family for politics

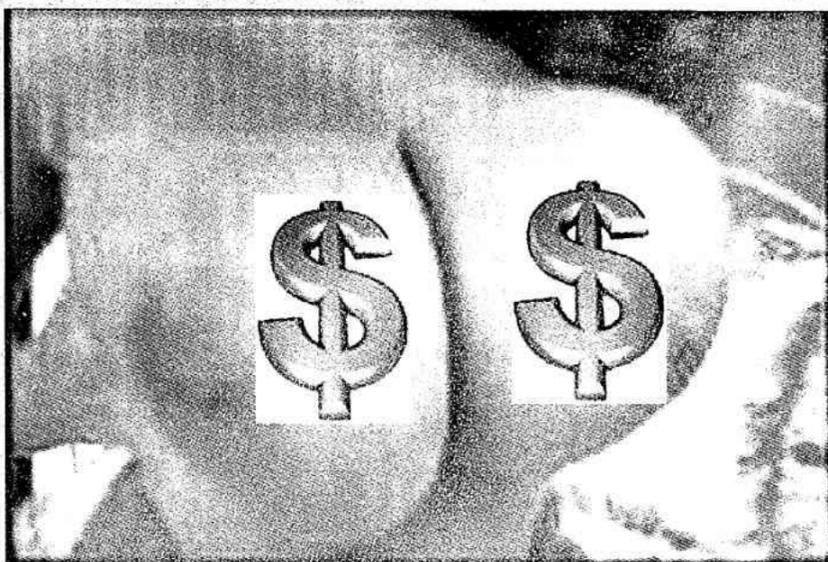
HR Nicholson

At a packed press conference in Canberra yesterday Nicholas Ford the III from Adelaide announced that he was giving up any further work on his family for his life in politics. "This was a conscious decision made several months ago and I think now, heading into my third term, is a good time to really make it clear that I will no longer have anything to do with my wife and three children."

Senator Ford indicated that he would try to support his wife and children but would make no effort to be a loving father or devoted husband. "It's just too hard to combine the two on a day in day out basis. My kids are quite well educated and I'm sure they are quite capable of looking after themselves in the real world. The other day one of them told me he was going to vote Labor, I said 'very well but not on my time.'"

The National Party Senator also made it clear that his wife's incessant nagging and ability to act more intelligent than he was also

a major factor, "She would never shut up. You try living in a house with a woman like that who thinks she knows more about something like the 'coloured issue' than me. This new 28 year old blonde seems to be a lot more outgoing and agrees with my views, she also has good tits."



Howard to deregulate breast milk

Bob Ajob

The Howard government has declared that despite the minor hiccups in the deregulation of the airline industry they intend to try again. Howard stated that the first thing he learnt as a child is that, "If at first you don't succeed you should try, try, and try again. Look at me it took me; six boatloads of refugees

and a war to get an electoral advantage. But I never stopped trying."

Howard said that, "Deregulation hasn't failed 16 times, rather it has provided us with 16 deregulation lessons."

Howard is now hell-bent on deregulating the breast milk industry. He stated that the breast milk industry had been "plagued by the presence of inefficient mothers for the last twenty years as a result of socialist labor party policy." He added that he intended to "deregulate the industry to give babies more choice and force mothers to compete in the free market." Howard stated that, "It would provide Australian babies with the best breast feeding service in the world."

Critics of Howard argue that the Ansett collapse demonstrates the failure of deregulation.

Howard responded to these claims by stating, "look economic rationalism works because smart people say it does."

Sharon to "get tough" on refugees through population control

Gillian Tidwinkle

Israeli President Ariel Sharon has declared that is time for Israel to develop a tough population control policy. Sharon said it was time "that Israel got tough on the illegal refugees living in the occupied territories". Sharon stated that he was opening a new office of population control to be headed by his old friends the South Lebanese army. According to Sharon, "These people have shown they can control population growth before... they have a proven track record of ethnic population management". Sharon noted that the fight against refugees involved the constraint of terrorists. He unveiled a large number of new military targets yesterday. Sharon stated that

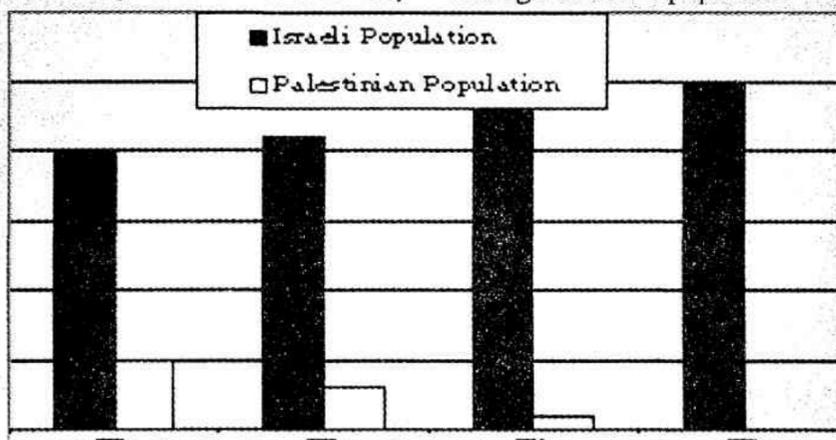
hospitals, schools, and street corners were all safe havens for Palestinian terrorists, "Did you know that 95 per cent of Palestinian terrorists are born in hospitals... these hospitals are legitimate military targets to stop terrorists".

Sharon has pledged that by 2005 there would be no more Palestinians. Sharon stated that population control was different from genocide, "Genocide involves a set policy of extermination, we currently have a policy of excessive reprisals. Reprisals aren't a policy they're just something you do on a Monday morning if something bad happens on a Sunday".

Washington: GW Bush called for

a resumption of peace talks between both sides. The State department also organized a gift to encourage Israel to negotiate. However, Israel stated that they

were not going to negotiate just because America sent them their old warheads, cluster bombs, and firearms. They will only negotiate when given new equipment.



ANU to implement vocational terrorist training courses

By "Matilda" Fordinggrass-Mavis and Gillian Tidwinkle

The ANU Administration and meetings with Directors of Studies from all the major faculties have supported a motion that the ANU develop a terrorist training program.

The benefits of terrorist training are varied according to Arts faculty rep Jim Jones, "Terrorist training doesn't just develop skills for terrorism but for later life. Undergraduates will learn chemistry, physics, people skills, and foreign languages." Jones added that, "Terrorist training is extremely demanding physically it will raise heart health awareness at the ANU. The physical strength students will develop due to the program will allow them to

compete with ADEFA and pick up more at Mooseheads."

Ian Chubb has endorsed the suggestion unreservedly, "While I think more traditional disciplines



These new ANU Students are keen but need a lot of work.

have their place, we need to offer courses at the ANU with a focus on relevant life skills. The number of drive-by shootings, suicide bombings and incidents of hand to hand fighting are far too low in Canberra."

Chubb has recommended that David Hicks be extradited and appointed as a Senior Reader for this new program.

The ANU is already working on employment contracts for graduates with Al-Qaeda and the US defence force.



The new enrolments have already purchased their requirements.



are you livid? do you rage against the injustices of life? feel vindicated as *woroni's* resident evolutionary agony aunt, **dear darwin**, helps readers vent their spleens. gotta gripe against evolution? send your queries to **dear darwin:** dear_darwin@yahoo.co.uk

academic aphrodesiac tit for tat tests the ties

Dear Darwin,

I have a — a friend who really likes this boy. But whenever they go out she has this compulsion to be witty at all times, to the point that he can't get a word in edgewise. She's concerned that her sparkling wit and personality has dazzled him. I mean with her level of social competence could there be any other result?

What should I — I mean she do, Dear Darwin?

Ms. Smith

Dear Ms. Smith,

Your 'friend' is merely making use of the most sophisticated pick-up tool she has at her disposal — her brain. Geoffrey Miller, a psychologist at the University of Stanford, has recently put forward the theory that the super-huge neocortex of *Homo sapiens* is, in fact, the source of the ultimate aphrodesiac: wit. Miller suggests that the bigger the brain the better the banter and states that the **rapid enlargement** of the human neocortex over evolutionary time could have occurred as a result of **sexual selection**. As such, males and females looking for suavely-speaking partners may have driven humanity towards evolving witty behaviour and the bigger brains to match. So you see, size does matter after all. Miller points to a parallel system of **female choice** as it applies to those fops of the animal kingdom, the peacock and peahen: "just as the peahen is satisfied with nothing less than a visually brilliant display of peacock plumage...hominid males and females became satisfied with nothing less than psychologically brilliant, fascinating, articulate, entertaining companions."

In chicks, being socially savvy in this way is known as the **Scheherazade Effect**; whilst in males, those of us in the know speak of the **Dionysus Effect**. Your friend, Ms. Smith, is merely avoiding such inept hints as hair-tossing, leg-crossing or subtle body contact in favour of more sophisticated courtship techniques. What a babe and what a brain.

Dear Darwin,

My friends all say I'm a cheapskate. I have no idea why. There was that time that I left my wallet at home when we went for dinner at the Hyatt. Or the time that I gave out hotel soaps when we did 'Secret Santa' one Christmas. Or the time I quite reasonably requested a gold coin donation at the last party I held — just to cover the costs of water and electricity. It was, after all, held at MY sister's boyfriend's parents' house and I had expenses. Dear Darwin, they're all defaming me! If I sue, can I get costs?

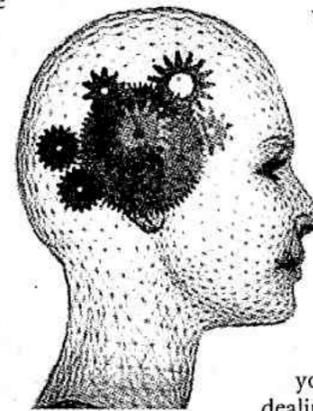
Love (withheld, pending adequate reply),

SC. Ace

Dear SC. Ace,

Have you thought of finding yourself some new friends? Sometimes it can be quite easy to slip into crowds which don't quite match your scene. You may have to find yourself some friends to which you're better suited: some nice, kind, Gordon Gecko type associates perhaps? Your problem is that you have obviously stumbled into a circle of friends operating under a **tit-for-tat** type system. More importantly they sound like a close knit bunch who are prone to expressions of **reciprocal altruism**. Your circle of friends are playing with **game theory** and you, my friend, are being burned by the **Nash Equilibrium**. Confused? Don't be. It's quite simple (and if you need a cheat sheet cf. the man himself: **John Forbes Nash** in *A Beautiful Mind*).

Obviously dealing with the mighty dollar is problematic in your clique: some of you will win and some will lose out. Ideally you would all contribute equally: everything would be fair and equitable. But

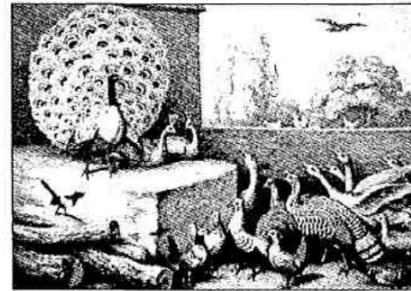


hey baby, what an opportunity: Mr. SC. Ace, you are very, very, very smart. You've worked out that the action that'll benefit you the most will vary according to what your 'friends' do. You've worked out that if you leave your wallet at home (or in your pocket — after all, nobody but you will know) you'll come out on top. But, hello. Therein lies your problem. If you were just dealing with casual acquaintances, if this was just a once-off encounter, you'd

be right on target. Under these conditions you'd have scored a hole in one for the **Nash Equilibrium**. Your strategy would be an **optimal response** for you to the strategy adopted by your companions and everything would be peachy — right? Au contraire, my friend. By engaging socially with these people you've shifted the playing field to your detriment.

Solution? You need a new strategy: might I suggest that classic of **game theory**, **tit-for-tat**? When faced with a potentially delicate social situation just cooperate at first, then subsequently follow the fine example of your friends, for better or worse. So they stab you in the back, stab them back. They pave your way to riches, you return the favour. By engaging in some **reciprocal altruism**, you'll be doing the ground work for

some **long-term cooperation** which will ultimately benefit you. And that's what's most important here, isn't it?



'STRINE LIFE

tough on fatties borgia ginz

Our society is dogged by misconceptions about body image, circulated by the fat lobby, that unhealthy alliance of feminists, gluttons and pastry-based multinationals. Obesity, they claim, is a natural, health-giving, beautiful state, instead of an unpleasant medical condition brought on by eating too many cakes. Anyone who claims otherwise, they allege, is an instigator of eating disorders and has blood (or at least vomit) on their hands. By contrast, they portray every shopping-mall leviathan, nudging its truck of Hagendas and Pringles past the checkout, as foot-soldier in the war against beauty myths and gender stereotypes. This over-indulgent thinking should stop. It is time we started viewing fatties as cake-junkies, and punished them like all the other addicts. If "The Republic of Virtue Party, Inc." are returned at the next election, we will introduce a "war on fatties" which will reduce obesity to Eritrean levels within ten years.

Our first move will be to level the gap between fatties and smokers. Smokers currently pay penalty taxes on their cigarettes to repay the state for the inadequate medical care it may one day have to provide them. It is only fair that we extend these taxes to fatties, whose sugar and lard addictions clog our hospitals, and whose revolting corpulence wears out lifts, escalators and the pavement. The government

should: (1) increase sales tax on high-fat foods; and (2) introduce special "fatso" toll-gates outside convenience stores and fast-food chains. I spent most of the summer at the pool with Brett, teaching children to swim. Every day, a grotesquely fat girl, whom I called "the Abomination", would flail her massy limbs about the water, rest her dangerous protrusions on the lane ropes and then beach herself on the concrete, causing disgust and chaos wherever she went. At any moment, I expected some latter-day Captain Ahab to harpoon the monster that no quantity of lycra could conceal. Nicotine-fiends are driven outdoors and segregated in restaurants, so that their habits won't harm or disturb others. I feel that the Abomination should have been given a pool of her own in which to wallow with her lardy kind.

The use of penalty taxes and social isolation should reduce Australia's obesity levels, but in the long run, our party will go the whole hog (so to speak) and criminalise all fatties, just as we criminalise other addicts, whether genetically predisposed or not.

This legislation, which might be introduced in stages (or even sizes), would be far easier to police than the laws against heroine and cocaine. Instead of jail sentences, which would be overly punitive, fatties might be incarcerated in rehabilitation centres, a practice tried on American and British reality television. Only repeat offenders would be

starved or force-fed pills, and Mary Robinson can go to hell.

A recent article by Dr. Karloff Lukoshenko has suggested an intermediate step between penalising and criminalising obesity, based on the principles of preferential hiring and employment quotas. By squeezing fatties out of ninety-percent of government posts, which at present they monopolise, we would encourage weight loss amongst aspiring civil servants, one of the ugliest people in the country.

I want, finally, to reiterate the principles of social policy and jurisprudence that underpin these measures. All liberal states recognise the government's right to stop adults from harming themselves, by fining, isolating or imprisoning them. In my opinion, it is only because corpulence is a middle-class vice that it has escaped censure for so long. Fatties damage their health, clog our hospitals and are an eyesore. In some cases, they bring their children up as fatties. The government should ignore the lard lobby and set about the important task of persecution.

"The Republic of Virtue Party, Inc." was one of several hundred minor parties, including the Australian Democrats, which unsuccessfully contested the recent South Australian election.

make love to the camera baby, grrrr....

the woroni paparazzi team took time out of their hectic ambulance chasing schedule and managed to capture just a few o-week moments on film. (photos thanks to dana, shanika, simon erwood and miranda).



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che's tips for the revolution #53

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**"tinned milk is the
great corruptor"**

ernesto che guevara, *bolivian diaries*